

HOW THE BOOTLEGGER BECAME THE SERGEANT MAJOR



Pursued a Course of Drinking and Gambling.

SOME FOLKS ARE SO TACTFUL AND SO TRUSTFUL

SOMEbody has remarked lately that they do not always see the point in the stories which we are in the habit of passing on. It is certain that they will not see the point of this one, but here it is and there it is—nevertheless.

The snail-cords of a certain lady's bedroom-window had at last, through age and wear, snapped, and a telephone message was sent for a man to come and replace them at once. Accompanied by his assistant the carpenter was soon at the house. "I will show you the room," said the lady, calling a maid to accompany her with some dust-sheets.

Arriving at the bedroom, she told the maid which articles to cover with the sheets, and, ere she left the room, remarked: "And Mary, you had better lock my jewel-case at once, and take the key with you."

The carpenter at once removed his watch and chain with a magnificent air, and handed them to his mate. "John," he said, "take these right back to the shop. It looks as if this house isn't safe."

If one isn't always trustful, they might at least try to be tactful.

WHERE HE IS MOST NEEDED

SOMEONE has said that a man is like an island. Sometimes one has to row all round it before one finds a place to land. Most of us land where we think we shall be most welcome. Jesus landed where He was most needed.

He rowed round a life till He saw its real problem, that is to say, until He saw the place where He was needed most, and just because His love is relentless He landed there.

He rowed round the life of the rich young ruler. It was a fair island and He loved it, but the place on which He landed was the money question.

He rowed round the island of life of Nicodemus, a fine old man, yet parts of his life were dead through rabbinical custom and tyrannous attention to ceremonial details. Jesus landed there and demanded re-birth.

With Zaccheus He landed on the question of his exactions from the poor. And in the case of the woman of Samaria He wouldn't be put off, but relentlessly insisted on the moral problem of her life.

REJOICE, PRAY AND TRUST

The man who doubts, fears and murmurs is walking right into the jaws of trouble; but to the man who keeps glad in God, who rejoices and prays and trusts in the teeth of Hell, the path grows brighter unto the perfect day. God has pledged Himself to stand by that man.

AN APOLOGY

We very much regret that an error crept into our cut line of the photos which illustrated the article in our last issue: "How the Campaign was put over at Brandon." The names should have read in the following order—Messrs. A. R. McDiarmid (Treasurer); A. E. McKenzie (Vice-Chairman); and J. C. Riddell (Campaign Chairman). We hate to do anything wrong, but having done so, we hate still more not to ask forgiveness. *Pecconi!*

Many people ask the question, "Is the power of Christ the same today as when He cast out devils during His ministry on earth?" The following true story of the remarkable conversion of Sergt.-Major Davies of the Medicine Hat Corps, will be sufficient to convince the reader that the touch of Christ has lost nothing of its ancient power.

I CAME to Canada in the year 1906 at the age of 21, and finding myself free from all home restraint, I started out to have a good time. In my quest for pleasure I very often frequented the pool rooms and bars, and very soon became a well known figure, not only in these places, but also in a number of gambling joints.

Time went on and moving from place to place, I found myself in Edmonton where for a while I pursued the same course of drinking, gambling, etc. But about three years from the time of my arrival in that city I became acquainted with a Christian girl and after a very short acquaintance we became married and for a time I led a fairly moral life, but again on moving to smaller towns I linked up with young men who were like myself, searching for excitement and pleasure, and in company with these I began to sink deeper and deeper into the mire of sin.

Not only did I sink myself, but my wife, becoming sad and discouraged with the fight, lost out and became a backslider.



An Army Open-Air in Full Swing

Arriving in Kindersley I conceived the idea of making money by selling whiskey, which eventually brought me into the hands of the police. At that particular time I was making and disposing of more whiskey than any bootlegger in the district, and in all probability I would have been sent to jail, but having a large family, and as it was the first offense, I was fined \$150 and released. However, this experience did not in any way deter me from continuing in the bootlegging business, for on moving to Biggar, I started to make my own beer, and an average of fifty bottles per week were made and consumed by myself and bosom friends. My next move was to Saskatoon where I continued on much the same course as in other places.

Heard the Strains of Music

Finally in August of 1924 I arrived in Medicine Hat, fully intending to continue in the bootlegging business. While staying at an hotel I heard strains of music, and on going out to the adjacent verandah I was surprised to see an Army Open-Air in full swing. It was while listening to the different proceedings, I felt the first stirrings of conscience.

The Open-Air proved to be the first of a series of outdoor Meetings which I was destined to hear and took place on a Thursday night. Again on Saturday night I listened to the testimonies, and singing of the happy Salvationists, and at the close of the Meeting, I inquired as to when the next one would be held. I was informed that just such another gathering would be held on the Sunday morning. I made a special effort to be present and listened intently to all the proceedings. The Open-Air Meeting closed, and away the comrades marched to the Hall.

Wandering aimlessly down the sidewalk very undecided as to what I would do with the day, I heard two young men in conversation about to attend another "Let's go to The Army this morning," so off they started. As I had nothing in particular to do I decided I too would drop in to The Army. As the Meeting proceeded I was really convicted of sin but refused to surrender. At the close of the Holiness Meeting I was invited to attend the afternoon Company Meeting, but before returning to my room at the hotel I paid a visit to the local bootlegger and purchased several bottles of beer. Armed with these I returned to my room and long before the afternoon had gone, I had disposed of all bottles.

Once More a Listener

Even this, however, failed to deaden the voice of conscience, and so, almost in spite of myself, I found myself once more an interested listener to The Army Open-Air and this time I followed without any hesitation to the Citadel. At the close of the Meeting the invitation was given, but I refused to attend. But the question was asked: "Would anyone like to be prayed for?"

It seemed that some unseen Power forced my hand up, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was kneeling at the Penitent-Form where I made a full surrender.

Immediately after my conversion I was supplied with a liberal supply of "cartridges," and so I was linked up right away. The Thursday following my conversion, I attended the Open-Air, not as an idle listener, but as a Salvation Army convert, and I stepped upon to give my testimony. I stepped into the middle of the ring, and happening to glance up, to my great consternation, I saw the bootlegger who, less than a week previous, had supplied me with my Sunday afternoon's supply of beer. There he stood, as large as life on the balcony of the hotel.

But God's grace was sufficient, and, Hallelujah, from that night, right up to the present time, I can honestly say I have been growing in grace and in the knowledge of the love of God. Two years and four months of Soldiership followed and then one year and three months as Corps-Sergeant Major. My chief delight is to take my stand on the Open-Air and tell the wondrous story of what God has done for me, and is doing for me day by day.

Four weeks after the conversion of the Sergt.-Major, his wife and family arrived in Medicine Hat where his wife reconciled her life to God and today they are a happy, bright family of Salvationists.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR BIBLE!



Spend a few moments each day with the Sacred Word of God.

Sunday, Numbers 14: 11-22: "How long will it be ere they believe Me?" God's people had reached the borders of the goodly Land of Promise, towards which they had been so marvelously led. "Let us go up at once and possess it," cried Caleb, the man of faith. But the unbelieving people refused to follow the Lord further, so back they went to the wilderness. Unbelief always envenoms God's heart and stays His hand from accomplishing the great things He promises and plans to do for us.

Monday, Numbers 14: 26-34: "They presumed to go up." Foolishly they went to go up without God, and against His will, these fighting men of Israel found, to their cost, how powerless they were in face of the enemy. Someone has said, "It is human nature to neglect to serve God when He wills it, and then to attempt to serve Him when He forbids it." Such service cannot but end in failure.

Tuesday, Numbers 16: 1-18: "The Lord will know who are His." Korah and his followers strove for position and promotion rather than to prepare themselves for greater and higher service. They coveted the priesthood, forgetting that the holy God must be served by unselfish, humble, holy men. God considers the motive and spirit of the service we render rather than its kind or amount. "And, many who now are always 'last,' will be 'first' when probation time is past."

Wednesday, Numbers 16: 19-35: "They perished among the congregation." For the good of the nation these wicked men were destroyed. Had they lived they would have been like a terrible plague-spot, corrupting others. Many unclean people might have learned through them to sin, but God in His mercy removed them before they could harm others any further. He did does this with those who spread evil and corruption.

Thursday, Numbers 16: 36-40: "Let them make them broad plates." The rod of Korah's terrible failure and rebellion God sought to bring blessing. Had time the people's eyes rested on the brazen plates covering the altar, they would be reminded of Korah's sin and rebellion, and the hearts of the people would be restrained hand they, too, might have perished with "these sinners against their own souls."

Friday, Numbers 17: 1-13: "Isaiah, the rod of Aaron budded." The rod of the priestly sceptre was not only a sign of life, but had become a thing of beauty and fruitfulness. From this we learn that they who would be blessed through the power of the Holy Spirit, must be God for service, must know the meaning of His renewing and transforming work in their own nature and character.

Saturday, Numbers 20: 1-13: "Ye rebels, must ye tempt Me?" The water out of this rock. As the meekest of men, Jesus Christ, when provoked in spirit by the continual murmurings of the Israelites, He thereby misrepresented God's true character, and failed to glorify before the people. Moses was charged with the solemn command to lead the people to the promised land, and we see how the best of us, with whom we have to do, react.

Holiness can dare much—but never dares to speak evil of anyone.

HOW TO BE SAVED

1. Ask God to show you your need of Salvation, and the danger you are in till you have found it.
2. Ask God to help you to understand that Jesus died for you.
3. Show God you are sorry for your sins by giving them up.
4. Ask God to forgive you for Christ's sake.
5. Do not rest till you have the assurance of the Holy Spirit that you are saved.

A Stormy Start in Canada

By MERLE HAMILTON

The beginning was in this wise: In the year 1882, about the time the hedgerows of Old England were turning to rose and gold, and every mossy bank took on a tinge of purple, two converts—fresh from the white heat of religious fervor raging throughout the British Isles, where the Holy Spirit had sealed the consecrated efforts of William Booth and his associates—stood upon the streets of the new London of the Land of the Maple and declaimed in stentorian tones to all and sundry passing by:

"The way to Heaven is straight and plain—
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again—
Will you go?"

Standing upon the curb was one, Smith, a devoted Methodist, strangely gripped by the Hallelujah testimonies of the strangers, they having, he felt, "a good sound" about them. Consequently, when one of the zealots laid his hand upon his shoulder and said, "You are just the man I want to help me!" the next thing found him upon the street-corner doing his bit in the Open-Air. As they went sauntering down the road, singing at the top of their voices:

"We shall have a new name in that Land,
In that sunny Land,"

the inevitable loutsam and jetsam of the streets trailed them to their meeting-place.

Amid the Tuhs and Soap-suds

"Your love of the world will lead you to Hell!" said one of the workers to a Mrs. O'Leary in the Meeting. She immediately jumped to her feet and rushed off home—only to kneel upon the basement-floor next morning amid the tuhs and soap suds, with a contrite heart.

About this time similar Meetings were being conducted in Toronto by Brother and Sister Freer and one, "Irish Annie" Maxwell, and the novel tactics and lusty crying of the Salvation message in the streets, by these comrades attracted crowds to a certain rough-cast building on Richmond Street.

Thus was begun The Salvation Army in Canada. As the conflagration spread to other centres, crowds gorged the skating rinks, music-halls, disused barns and other edifices peculiar to early Salvation Army warfare, and on Sunday nights it was necessary to lock the doors at 6 o'clock to exclude the chagrined hundreds who came one by one late to attend the Meetings, scheduled to begin at 8 o'clock.

It was not considered "the thing" to join "The Army" in those days. It was thought, by some, that one had to be stark, raving, or very "low-lived," to tolerate such a ridiculous religion. New converts were often severely thrashed, or turned out upon the door-step, for "disgracing the family," and men were thrown out of work immediately it was known they had been to The Army Penitent-Form.

A Lithe, Catapulting Figure

Fearful and wonderful were the strategies employed by the early warriors to gain the attention of the fickle multitudes. "Heavy Bill" Cooper always addressed his Open-Air audiences from a chair, but when he found himself talking to thin air instead of to human hearts, he immediately turned a hand spring and continued his address standing upon his head. It was not unusual to see him—a lithe, catapulting figure—leading a march two hundred strong, by turning "cow-whisks" down the centre of the road.

Dressed in red "basques" and blue skirts, red blouses or guernseys generously inscribed with text, and immense "cow-breakfast" hats draped with red handkerchiefs, it is little wonder that the early Blood-and-Fire gallants "painted the town red" wherever they went.

The post of door-keeper in the House of the Lord was no sine-cure in those days. Three stalwarts usually kept the gates—one to open the door, and the other

Only the Angel-of-the-Writing knows the sequel to many a tale of pain and persecution, greatness and glory, written upon the hearts of the participants in that early start. But this glorious page of Army history is written large with tales of thousands of drink-besotted and unspeakable characters who have been miraculously saved by the Blood of the Lamb, and the Power of His Spirit.



An early day "War Cry" illustration

two to stand back in readiness for what might enter. In Toronto, where an organized game of twenty rounds made a practice of noisily stamping into the Meeting single file, armed with clubs hidden in their sleeves, it was just as well for the door-keeper to prepare himself for a possible crack on the head, or an ignominious and painful journey down a flight of steps.

A Gentle Voice and an Iron Fist

It was an Orderly's duty to parade the aisles of a crowded Meeting, keeping a vigilant eye upon would-be disturbers. Can't you see him?—brown and big, with a child's heart, a gentle voice, the "patience of Job"—and an iron fist! An Army hero! Should he find it necessary to tap an individual upon the shoulder more than twice, the objectionable person was forcibly removed—usually promoting a "row" in transit.

Men often brought their beer to Meetings, putting the bottles under the seats, and relieving themselves at leisure. Often, too, the power of the Holy Spirit fell upon them, and they were seen jumping over people's heads, and the backs of seats in a head-long rush to the Penitent-Form. Drunkards they knelt, but they arose saved and sober citizens. Women, too, cut the feathers from their hats, the ribbons from their frocks, and, at the Penitent-Form, stripped their persons of jewelry.

Marches of all kinds were the order of the day. The most thrilling, was the "Hallelujah Runaway," in which the Captain, seemingly without rhyme or reason, sprinted away from the Open-Air with a hundred Soldiers after him. Like the celebrated rats of "Hamelin Town," the whole population sprinted after them

—right through the gaping doors of The Army Barracks—and a red-hot Salvation Meeting was in progress before they could turn around.

A "Midnight March" resulted in two brave Insane Officers and a score of Soldiers being confined over night in a small room ventilated by one diminutive, barred window. Hearing of the affair, a sympathetic Toronto merchant chartered an engine and rushed to the rescue with funds, but the Officers refused bail and took their trial and sentence pluckily. But the colorless face and brave eyes of the none too robust Lieutenant haunted the dreams of the townspeople, and "broke the ice" in favor of The Army.

Refused to Budge from His Cell

Captain Scott had previously been incarcerated in this same jail as a result of a "Torch-light March," and at the expiration of his sentence he steadfastly refused to budge from his cell until the identical police officer, who had accompanied him thither, should arrive to fetch him out. To the public's amusement, and the Law's chagrin, the Captain compelled this dignity to walk with him arm-in-arm down the main street of the town, as the Law had compelled him to do.

In some centres a "tap gang" or "skelton army" made themselves a nuisance by forming up behind the March, and when a stop was made for an Open-Air, soil, flour, soap-suds, fish and vegetables in every stage of decomposition, flew promiscuously; uniforms were ruined, and much-prized brass instruments were battered into a semblance to nursery toys, but comparatively little bodily injury was suffered.

The opening of the French work in Quebec was particularly harassing. At first unable to secure a Hall, through somebody's mischievous intent, the first Meeting was held in the cold and dark, until the ever-sympathetic Orangemen scoured the neighborhood for lamps, and stationed themselves around the Hall as improvised lamp-posts. Later, they denied themselves of tobacco, and imposed monetary penalties upon each other if they uttered any expression to "strong language" all to buy a new Army drum, which had previously been smashed!

Open-Airs were not tolerated, but the Officers sang in the saloons, occasionally being locked in. A crowd of Frenchmen usually followed them from saloon to saloon, and should a prejudiced saloon-keeper refuse The Army girls admittance, a gesticulating mob refused to buy his beer. French converts took their lives in their hands when they walked upon the public thoroughfare, and on one occasion a fine young comrade was waylaid, and injured so that he died a martyr to the cause in a few days. Gruesome and ghastly is the tale of a saloon-keeper turning a hose upon an Open-Air, washing the eye of a comrade out upon his cheek!

Invasion of the West

It was in 1886 that The Army made its way out West and began its work in Winnipeg, then a city of 20,000 inhabitants. There were no great riots or fightings to hail their coming—the generous-hearted men who were pouring into the Western Lands were keen to recognise in The Army people some folks who had their best interests at heart. And so, amidst the drinking saloons and the "red-hot" hearts of those days, with all their accompanying riotousness, The Army Flag was hoisted high, and soon there came under its folds those who fought and toiled that others might, like them, be brought out of darkness into light.

There was one young man, a stranger in a strange land, scarce able to speak the language of the country of his adoption, who watched those strange processions down the dust of old Main Street; he wondered at their earnestness, and queried as to their meaning. Following them into their Hall he listened, as best he could, to the red-hot messages from the platform, often delivered so earnestly as to lose most of their coherence, and so making it all the more difficult to the young German to recognize them as the full meaning. But he heard the call of the Christ amidst it all, and knelt at the rough Penitent-Form, and found Jesus to be his Saviour.

Of the "Blood and Fire" Breed

Since then he has served The Army (and his Lord) in many lands—Canada, India, Australia, China, Germany—all of them, excepting the United States. And so the "Blood and Fire" breed, and now he is leading on our Forces in Czechoslovakia, with, incidentally the aid of his good Canadian wife, and is known to us as Lt.-Commissioner Bruno Friedrich.

And so the story goes on, it is ever going. Would that we could tell of the way in which the Regiments of the Lord have pushed their way out West, and to the Northwest—lands of the great Unknown where first the men in blue began started in London in Old Ontario, but now all a-throb with industry and social life. Lands and cities and towns constantly reverberating with the music and songs of Salvation. Away on the Pacific shores; up in the North Lands of Alaska; away away towards the Arctic Seas, almost—

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

This glorious page of Army history is written large with tales of the thousands of drink-besotted and unspeakable characters who knelt in the mud at the drum-head and were miraculously changed into saved and sane citizens through contact with the Blood and Fire which is emblazoned upon our Flag—the Flag which, though fought for step by step, never came down!

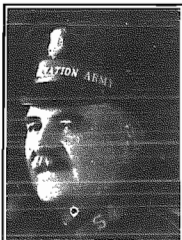
DIVISIONAL COMMANDERS OF CANADA WEST



Major Carruthers—Northern
B. C. and Alaska Division.



Brigadier A. Layman—
Southern B.C. Division.



Brigadier J. Gosling—North
Saskatchewan Division.

It's a World Wide Salvation Army

82 Countries & Colonies - 59 Languages - 14,719 Corps & Outposts - 22,847 Officers & Cadets

A Chinese Convert's Testimony

A SALVATION Army Officer had occasion to sit for some time in a Chinese shop where several workmen were busy at their tasks. The workers ranged in ages from young boy apprentices to a white-haired old gentleman, who through his old-fashioned spectacles scrutinized the accounts before him on his desk.

Two of the workers, evidently thinking that the foreign customer did not understand Chinese, engaged in foul talk and exchanged coarse jokes between themselves, causing laughter among those who could hear them. The Salvationist eventually interfered by saying, "Sirs, if I were in the habit of using language such as you are engaged in, I think I would choose a time when there were no young boys around to hear me." There was a moment of surprise, but quickly one of the "smart" young men remarked, "But we are Christians."

"Oh, no," the Officer replied, "Salvationists do not use that language." "Well, we are going to be," was the answer; "and he," pointing to a workman further off, who as yet had not spoken, "he is one, too."

The Officer said, "No, I think there are no Salvationists here." At this, the young man indicated lifted his head and said, "Yes, I am a Salvationist."

The Officer still thought this a continuation of the joke on him, and asked: "Where is your proof?" The worker, turning to the old man in the corner, said, "My proof is in my Bible on the shelf. Will you get it, please?"

The Chinese Testament was then produced, and it was a copy of The Salvation Army leaflet, "Advice to Converts," on which was written, in the worker's writing, the day and date of his conversion at The Army Penitentiary-Form.

He said, "I live a long way from the Corps, and work late hours, but I try to follow the teaching of my Bible and this leaflet."

"Oh, yes," said one of his companions, "he is too good; he just keeps his head down to his work and never sneaks unless some one says something against Christianity."

What a grand testimony from an unconverted work-mate! As far as our register of Converts was concerned, this young man was considered lost, but in his heart he had the real thing of a Salvationist, being his comrades in the workshop, and so sure was his example that they said of him, "Oh, he is too good."

"Pug" Couldn't Pray

He wandered into The Salvation Army Hall in Mitchell, South Dakota. He was a prize-fighter by occupation, often contracting to fight for large sums of money.

During the latter part of the Salvation Prayer-Meeting he was gripped, and at another moment, raised his hand for prayer. Another moment, and he was on his knees at the Penitentiary-Form.

"I can't pray! I've never prayed in my life!" he wept.

"Didn't your mother teach you to pray?" gently inquired the Officer who was dealing with him.

"Mother!" exclaimed the man. "Mother! Whiv, I haven't seen her for years! She thinks I'm dead! Yes," he went on reflectively, "when I was a little lad she did teach me to say 'Now I lay me,' but,

On Horseback in Celebes

A STORY OF AN EXCITING MISSIONARY JOURNEY

THE following extracts from the hurriedly written "Travel Notes" of Staff-Captain Woodward, the Divisional Officer for the Celebes Division, convey some idea of the difficulties encountered by such Comrades when carrying out their duties. The full record tells of many Meetings held and of the rallying up of little children at various centres where the message of Salvation is proclaimed:

"I had some trouble with the horse from Rowika which I had borrowed, as my horse had run away," says the Staff-Captain. "The Rowika horse pulled down a pillar of the outhouse, broke the bridge and was so frightened and nervous that I could not use him, so I borrowed a horse and started off alone at 8:30 a.m. instead of 6:30 a.m. as I had intended."

"The first 24 km was uneventful, but after this I had to dismount and walk a good deal. Sometimes I came to large falls of earth. At twelve o'clock it began to rain and kept on, so that when I reached Kodawa soon after two in the

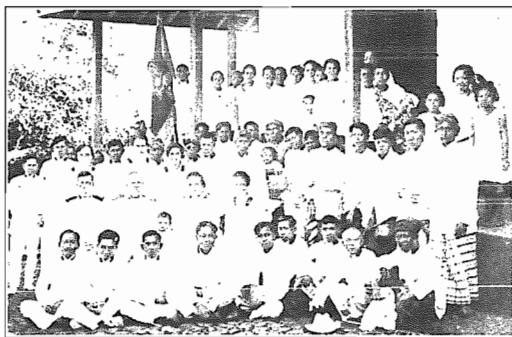
"Presently his head appeared and he swam and tried to get out, but the bank was too steep. He was swept down by the current and landed on the opposite shore about a quarter of a mile down stream. The saddle was gone, the broken bridle only remained. The poor animal was exhausted but after a while was able to walk."

"It had been an exciting experience, for I nearly went through the bridge with him. The boys were very much afraid and thought that they would be accused of murdering me if I had been killed."

"The day following, the horse was apparently very little the worse for its fall, but as I had no saddle I had to walk. Bareback riding is too painful for me."

"I left Karananga at 6:30 in the morning and had four hours walk to Maphi where we left the horse and after a rest I went on to Banasoe."

"The rattan bridge between Maphi and Banasoe is nineteen meters above the water and has just had a floor of planks put on."



The Leper Corps at Pontonungan, Java, with Brigidier and Mrs. Thomson (since retired) and Captain and Mrs. Mephum, Canada West Missionary Officers.

afternoon, I was wet through. My boys were in Kodawa so I had dry clothes on very soon and after some food, I led a Meeting in the school at 4 o'clock."

Horse Rolled into the Water

"In the morning I left Gimpo, a place subsequently visited after a variety of experiences, and crossed the River Keve and reached Pili at eleven, Tannangle at half past twelve and Karananga at one o'clock."

"The rattan bridge was apparently as good as when I crossed it six months ago, but my boy was afraid of the horse so I led it myself on to the bridge. When only a little way on the bridge, it began to rock and the horse was frightened. Kicked out, smashed a plank and his foot went between. Struggling to get his foot back, he broke more planks and his hindquarters were soon off the bridge altogether and in a moment he slipped backwards, turned a half somersault in the air and landed on his back on a rock, the saddle broke the force of the fall. The horse then rolled into the water and sank."

you see, I left home, and I haven't prayed since."

But he found the Lord, however! Never having possessed a Bible in his life, he

"The Banasoe people were disappointed that I did not bring the horse over, no horse has ever been in Banasoe yet and they wanted me to be the first to bring one, but I told them that I had had enough of horses on rattan bridges yesterday to last me quite a time, and offered a reward to anyone who would recover the saddle, but they said the current by the bridge was too dangerous. The last hour at Banasoe was terribly hot, so after dinner I was glad to rest."

The Bed was Too Short!

"There was no Meeting in the evening, but many people came to see me (for I had worked this place as an Outpost from Kantewoe for six or seven years. The bedstead in the Quarters was too short for me, so I had to sleep on the floor."

"The holding of public Meetings, the Dedication of children, and the conducting of classes as well as interviews with the authorities, and with native Officers, forms part of the Staff-Captain's work, all of which is carried on in a spirit of cheerful courage for the glory of God and the extension of His Kingdom."

left the Hall that night with one in his hand, God in his heart and joy and peace in his soul. Hallelujah!—M. Van Kraanen, Captain, in the Chicago "Cry".

The Penitent Thief and the Kindly Judge

A Tale of the great Tokyo Earthquake and an Interesting Story

Captain Nagashima in the Japanese edition of the U.S.A. (Western) "War Cry" tells a story which reveals the power of love to help and save.

Not long ago when two Japanese judges and a procurator visited the United States on their way home from Europe, the Captain dined with the gentlemen mentioned, who expressed themselves thankful for much they had heard and seen, and were full of gratitude.

After their experiences, they declared, they were resolved, so far as expedient, to modify harshness in the treatment of offenders, a statement which very naturally gave the Captain pleasure.

To the gentlemen mentioned the Captain then related the following personal experience: "About the time of the great earthquake in Tokyo, I was in charge of The Salvation Army Corps in Sano city situated in Tochigi Prefecture. When a criminal extension of my services were required at the local court."

"A judge there happened to tell me one day of the following: 'Mr. Nagashima,' said he, 'I had an interesting case recently. I caught a thief in the town who had stated the law several times, and after a close examination, we found him to be the man who had been in the care of a gentleman who was the head of the Ex-prisoner Protection Institution. The prisoner got away from the police, taking advantage of the great earthquake in Tokyo when he stole money and clothes and other things from the gentleman mentioned. At last he was caught by police.'

"I judged his case to be similar to the case of a horse dog biting its master's hand. I suspected too, that the man had been guilty of other criminal offences which were not brought in evidence by his confession. The matter was mentioned to the gentleman, who, though recognizing the man's faults, said: 'He served me faithfully while he was with me,' and as a result of his pleading we were favorably affected."

Thorough-going Repentance

"In the court we told the man that we had spoken with the one he had robbed, this was news to him and at once he changed color. He thought that his whole secret had been detected. But as soon as a letter from the gentleman was read, the unhappy prisoner was released. He said: 'As I have betrayed such a good master, and have violated the law, I now realize my deplorable character and am perfectly willing to suffer the heavy punishment I deserve.' But the procurator said, 'I pardoned him with a fine only. Incorporation of his thorough-going repentance.'"

"Then with tears, the man begged to declare that the decision was correct to be true. And the procurator shed tears with him. Indeed the court atmosphere had changed from a place where the law should be firmly pronounced, to a place where the law of divine love was."

"The man was released and he obtained work and some dollars to help save five, and ten when he was home, and paid off the whole amount of the fine in a very short time. Ever since that man has worked honestly, and his sometimes sends a letter to come and see him, all is well with him and his wife, and again will be trouble the court."

The three visiting judicial officers listened with keen interest to the Captain's story and then, looking at each other, they said, "We know that," at your mention, he is one of our friends, it is all very strange and wonderful. We are very glad to hear of such a beautiful story as this."

THIS is a story I have told countless times, but it will bear telling again. It is a tale of the saving power of Jesus' Name.

For many more years than I can say he had been a drunkard; his name was a by-word for all that was dirty and wretched in sin. He was the bogey of the district. Filthy, bleared, and seared. Not old as days go, but bowed and decrepit as though years and years had passed over his dirty head.

He crawled around the town begging a drink from any who would "treat" him. One of his nicknames was "Tom Swill-Tub," acquired because of his habit of sipping up the dregs which other men had left in their glasses. His coming into any respectable saloon—if there be any respectable Gateways to Hell—was the signal for a howl of protests. Only in the order of saloons was he allowed, scarcely tolerated there.

One day he listened to the Gospel Message as the people of The Army told it and sang it down by the quayside. He was not thought to be listening, for he was at a modest post as though in drunken sleep, but he was listening for all that, even though, at first, too lazy to open his eyes. I have often wondered what particular word or song it was that penetrated his muddled brain, but the sword of the Spirit is a mighty penetrator, and that afternoon it pierced—even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit—"Tom Swill-Tub" heard the Word of God, and awoke to righteousness.

He Stumbled to the Penitent-Form

He came to the Army Meeting. He stumbled along to the Penitent-Form, and sobbingly he poured out his sins. Some of the lookers-on thought they were but drunken, maudlin tears, but they were those of a "sorrow meet for repentance."

Then there began a fight such as Tom had never thought he could face. He went straight from that Penitent-Form down the street, and before he reached his home that evening he was in drink again. But he came to the Penitent-Form again. He went to the drink again. He came to the Penitent-Form again. He came and went so often that it was little wonder that the Soldiers lost faith in him, and well nigh faith for him.

One day a new Officer came, and he had the most charming, trustful little wife that ever one could imagine. She was, almost from the first, the idol of Tom's eyes, and she knew it. It was no cordly love that she had for that drunken, back-sliding, disgrace-bringing man; it was the love of Heaven which she felt for him. "Though all forsake thee, yet not I," she seemed to say. "I will have faith for him no matter what happens," was her motto.

And so, every time Tom came to the Penitent-Form it was this woman and her lover-husband who accompanied Tom back to his home. They saw him past

"The Name"

By LT.-COLONEL ED. H. JOY

Jesus, that in All Things He Might Have the Pre-Eminence

—(Col. 1. 18)

He crawled around the town begging a drink from anybody who would "treat" him. One of his nicknames was "Tom Swill-Tub." "The Name," he said, "The Name of Jesus, ma'am?" "Yes, Tom," she said again, "Breathe that holy Name in prayer."

the doors of the drinking-places, and helped him in a hundred ways. But he fell again and again. Then, to complete his disaster, the Officers had farewell orders and Tom was still a drunkard.

A dear old soul in the Corps, a sweet motherly soul, had been sick for months, and she had heard the tale of Tom's woefulness and failings. She sent a message to ask him to call on her. Wondering at the honor thus done him, yet, of course, suspecting the real reason, he made his way to that sick room. What a contrast, was there. The thin, pale face, scarcely less white than the bed clothes; the almost seraphic smile of welcome. And Tom—dirty, half-drunken, his breath already befouling the flower-scented room.

"Do You Think that Would Help?"

He waited awfully. "Tom," she whispered, "Tom, have you ever tried The Name?" "Tried The Name, ma'am, tried, The Name? I don't understand you," said the visitor. "The Name of Jesus, Tom," she said. "No, ma'am; do you think that would help?"

Well can I remember that room, it was one where I had sat for many an hour listening to the heavenly-worldly wisdom of that soldierly saint. It stood on high ground, and the view, from that window

was out over the town, away to the glistening waters of the Straits.

Just in the foreground was a long stretch of garden and lawn, in summer redolent with the perfume of flowers and humming with the cheerful chirp of insect and the song of birds. The memory of the view gives me nostalgia as I write.

His Dirty Face Lined with Tears

And Tom stood there, at the bed-side—also looking out on the town and towards the sea. "The Name," he said. "The Name of Jesus, ma'am?" "Yes, Tom," she said again.

"When temptations round you gather,

Breathe that Holy Name in prayer."

And then Tom knew what she meant. He bowed his head, his dirty face was already lined with tears, and he said, "Jesus, you must help me. And dear, saintly Mother Dowell said, 'Amen.'"

Thenceforward Tom tried "The Name." He whispered it as he went down the street to the town that afternoon; he prayed it as he stood on the threshold of the drinking saloon; and strange, passing strange to him, it worked. He did not want to drink—or when he did, he just said, "Jesus," and it worked. (That seems too material an expression, but it is not so meant.)

The days went by, they lengthened

into weeks, and into months, and gradually the chains were loosened, the fetters were falling—and Tom went forth free. He had found the power of Jesus' Name. Constantly he said it, constantly he "breathe that holy Name in prayer." The months had become more than a year, and the temptation had left him; Tom walked our town a recognised Salvationist.

One day he stood by the doorway of a saloon engaged in a business conversation. There was a stream of men passing in and out of the drinking place, and the fumes of the bar floated out to the street. It seemed as though those fumes were the fumes of hell, and almost without knowing what he was doing, Tom turned into the bar, and, walking up to the counter, called for some drink. The bar man gave a saturnine grin, which Tom failed to see. Thirstily, impatiently, Tom drummed on the leaden counter; all the funds of his former wages were gone, and he was no more. It was a moment full of tragedy.

At the back of the bar was the little parlor of the publican's wife. A trim little room it was, always cosy and neat, so utterly in contrast to the smoky, swarted saloon. She must have had some drawing-room religion—or, rather, it was the Watchful Spirit who planned it, for there on the wall of that parlor, right facing the doorway to the back of the bar, hung a text—J-E-S-U-S, that in all things he might have Pre-eminence.

The Name Conquered

The drink was at Tom's elbow, nay, more than that, the pot was in his hand. And Tom was staring fascinated, not at the drink—that had become a thing of horror—but at The Name. Jesus! Jesus!

The Name conquered. Spilling over the liquor, Tom heaved a shout, he called for the barman for payment, but with head bowed, and shoulders bent, he rushed as though he had been the man running from the City of Destruction. Saved by the power of Jesus' Name.

Years and years went by. Tom was no longer known as "Swill-Tub." Some who came, new to the town, wondered, and thought it almost a blasphemy that across his Army guernsey he had blazoned The Name—"Jesus," but they soon heard the story, for Tom was always telling it.

One evening he lay dying. The sun of the lovely spring day in May was setting behind the hills at the back of the town, and its last lingering glories were flooding the room in which he lay, lighting up the same text which was ever before him, and Tom was going home to be with God.

As he went, those who stood around his bed, sang softly, and he joined in as best he could—

"Hallelujah with my latest breath

I may but gasp His Name;
Preach Him to all and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb."



He lay as though in a drunken sleep.

HE IS CALLING, CALLING

ONE of the greatest battles in the American Civil War was over. They had lashed a messenger to Philadelphia and New York that the number of the slain exceeded that of any other battle in the war, and fathers and mothers began to go from those two great cities to find out what their boys.

One old Quaker woman went from Philadelphia—John Hartman by name. He lost a son by the same name. He went to headquarters, and cried, "Has my son answered to his name?" They said, "No, sir. He must be on the field."

And the old man went out across the battlefield, seeking his boy, and he could not find him. Night came on, and he went back to headquarters, and said, "Give me a lantern." They gave him a lantern, and he went out again to find his boy. He would hold the lantern in one hand as he searched down to look into this face and that.

Suddenly the wind blew out the light. There he stood in the midst of the battlefield with the dead and the dying all about him. He did what I think I would do if a son of mine were ever lost on the battlefield. He stood there, and with his hands to his mouth, he shouted out, "John Hartman, it's your father, it's your father." A soldier-boy at his feet moaned and

said, "O, God, if it were mine." Finally, away in the distance he heard, "Here, father, here." Over the dead and past the dying he went, and he caught his son in his arms, and carried him to the hospital—love giving him strength. And John Hartman, so they say, lives today in the City of Philadelphia.

Up and down this world today the Saviour is moving; over and over the battle-fields of life. He is stopping beside the man, the woman bound and bruised and wounded by sin, and He is calling, calling. Oh, answer, answer, for His Name's sake.

LONG ENOUGH A-COMING

SOME years ago at a cottage Meeting in an Adelaide (Australian) suburb, a Cornish woman sought salvation, kneeling at one of the chairs that had been placed for penitents. After a while, feeling no different, and determined to get what she sought, she changed her position, and knelt at another chair. Presently she complained to the Captain, "I don't feel any different at all."

The Soldiers were singing, "My chains fell off." "Sing with us," urged the Captain. "Sing, 'My chains fell off,' and

believe that your chains of sin do fall off."

Soon there was a great commotion. The seeker leaped to her feet. "I've got it! I've got it!" she shouted. She waved her hands in ecstasy, and the tears streamed down her face. "Oh, glory, hallelujah! I've got it!"

The two Officers took home the happy, shouting convert. "There," a policeman at the corner; he'll be arresting us," said the Lieutenant.

"I don't feel to care what he do," cried the woman. "I've got it! Hallelujah!"

"When I get home," she said, presently "John'll be a-bed. I'll get him out and make him pray."

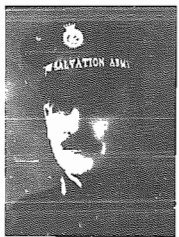
Her husband proved obdurate, but his wife kept the glory and prayed for him.

It was on a Congress Sunday twenty-two years later when the old man knelt at the Mercy-Seat. Strangely enough, the Officer who dealt with him was the very one who had led the cottage Meeting at which his wife had sought salvation.

"I've got it!" he said, in response to the Officer's query, "and I've been long enough a-comin', ain't I?"—The Sydney "War Cry."



Staff-Captain A. Steele—
Manitoba and N.W. Ontario.



Staff-Captain H. Tuttle—
South Saskatchewan Division



Staff-Captain J. Merritt—
Alberta Division

God does not want golden vessels, and He does not ask for silver vessels, but He must have clean vessels.

THE WAR CRY THE CALL OF THE OPEN AIR

A Summertime Message to all who love God and Souls

Mrs. Commr. Higgins in Liverpool

Civic Visit by the Lord Mayor

The latest British "War Cry" told of a stirring weekend spent at Liverpool 11 Corps by Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, on which occasion the Lord Mayor of the city (Col. Margaret Beuven) paid an official civic visit.

When Liverpool's "little mother" as the Lord Mayor is affectionately called—arrived at the Citadel, she was received by nearly two hundred Life-Saving Scouts and Guides, who stood smartly at attention while the distinguished visitor passed down the lines, rightly expressing as she did so, her appreciation of their smartness.

The City's Chief Magistrate thanked the Salvationists for their warm reception, and said: "One thing that I always commend the Salvation Army to is that it seems to draw closer together the bonds of family and home life. You never always find a husband and wife working together for the Salvation Army, and you often find the children following on."

Commissioner H. W. Mapp

Returning from Australasia

Commissioner Henry Mapp, International Secretary, who has been conducting Congress in Australasia, is due to arrive in Toronto, on route to England, on July 19th, where he will join Mrs. Mapp, who has been visiting her children in the United States and Canada.

Col. Gustav Reinhardsen of U.S.A.

Promoted to Glory

NEWS has been received at Territorial Headquarters of the sudden Promotion to Glory of Colonel Gustav S. Reinhardsen, of the United States. The Colonel was a well known figure in Army circles in America, and in several years past, has occupied Staff positions of National importance, his last appointment being that of National Auditor and Finance Secretary, in which duty he has been closely associated with Commander Eustachius Bach.

His passing will create a vacancy in The Army Forces in our Sister Territories which it will be hard to fill, the Colonel by reason of his intimate knowledge of financial and allied matters, having been a much valued colleague.

He entered the Service in 1888 from Brooklyn, and bore with characteristic bravery and gentility the scuffs and sneers, not to say blows and opprobrium, of those early days. His command and staff addresses to the principles of The Army, his loyal comradeship, and faithfulness to the Flag during all the intervening years have endeared him to all who knew him and served under or with him. His death will be a great loss to his dear ones; he will be greatly missed by the Commander, and all at the American National Headquarters; he will also be remembered with particular affection by those in other parts of The Army world who have come under his influence.

We offer our comradely sympathy to all such, and remember, too, that these passings also constitute a cause of anxiety to the General, and the Chief of the Staff, and our International Leaders.

"Down East"

At the commissioning of the "Demitile," a new Canadian lifeboat, held by Lt. Commissioner Maxwell, there were large and enthusiastic assemblages. Mrs. Commissioner Mapp was present and took part in the event.

Commissioner Maxwell is prepared to conduct the "Demitile" to the coast from July 6th to July 11th. There is additional interest in this, owing to the fact that Lt-Colonel Whitley of the Church are to be in the Commodore's party. This will also be the occasion of the farewell of Lt-Colonel and Mrs. Moore.

Lt-Colonel Henry Bennett is the conductor of a party of new recruits—boys on the "Empress." The Colonel will be remembered by many old-time comrades as having written for several years as an Officer in this country, his wife being a sister to Mr. Colonel Martin of Chicago.

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Founder William Booth
General Canada West and Alaska
International Headquarters
London, England
Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton Street,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt-Colonel J. W. Higgins, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of The General)

TO BE CAPTAIN:

Pro-Captain Mildred Reed, Edith Griffiths, Ruby Steele, Mildred Little, Sadie Stevenson, Joseph Hind, Bruce Lester, Norman Ennis and James Habrick.

TO BE LIEUTENANT:

Pro-Lieutenant Thomas Cook, Lilian Parr, David Stohhart, Dorothy Wells, Sarah Holmes, Jonas Anderson and Talmage Hamilton.

CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt.-Commissioner.

THE GENERAL'S HEALTH

We are thankful to be able to announce that on the whole a change for the good has taken place in the General's health.

Mrs. Booth, who is with the General at the seaside resort where he is recuperating, feels that he is more rested, and she is greatly relieved at the opinion expressed by the doctor who is attending him, that, with sustained quiet and freedom from the anxiety of affairs, he will win back his strength.

The General and Mrs. Booth both greatly appreciate the numerous messages of sympathy which continue to reach them from all over the world.

"Lord, Lord, When . . ."

IF the relentless lover of our souls walked through our streets and saw conditions of poverty, ill-health and misery such as very few of us realize; if He could meet the landlords of some of the holes where the poor-parlors; if He could go to our race tracks and see men and women recklessly galloping away for an hour's alleged sport, victims of the lust for money on the part of bookmakers, rather than sinners; if He could visit some homes where that lovely thing called innocent womanhood is counted very cheap; if He could walk through some of our mills, factories, mines, offices, slums, markets, and we could see His face, we should not be reminded of the "gentle Jesus," but of the "Son of God whose flaming eyes our inmost thoughts perceive."

"To call Jesus 'Lord' is orthodox, and to call Him 'Lord, Lord,' is pious, but to call Jesus 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things that He says, is blasphemy." And few would escape the censure of those eyes for to imagine, for an hour's self and our own selfish enjoyment, trying to squeeze the last drop of pleasure out of life, always obsessed by what we can get out of the community and never what we can put into the community, putting self first, and winning good time, repudiating all obligation, and hating all self-discipline, never sacrificially thinking of our brothers living in an earthly hell, or of children robbed of childhood's heritage, is a greater blasphemy than to deny the existence of God, and while our consciences sleep about the things that curse God's lovely world we are guilty of sharing in them.

SUMMER

Summer—and the glory
Of sunshine warm and bright;
Summer—and the perfume
Of roses, red and white;
Summer—and the rapture
Of bird-song in the air—
Brightness, beauty, music,
And God is everywhere.

It is the glory of The Salvation Army that we are called to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to every man, woman, or child and that we know no difference in time or place—but that we call "all men, everywhere," to repentance. Everywhere, and on safe ground. We often used to hear it said by the early-day Officers of The Army that, "Jesus died in the Open-Air, and so we preach Christ crucified in the Open-Air; that is, we preach in the open air, when respectable men and women feel foul of us because of our Open-Air activities, but it is a heartening thought even for these days.

When the Army Founder, while yet a lad in his teens, brought a chair out into the street, and standing on it told the people of the love of Christ, he was following a custom that had persisted for more than 5,000 years. For it can be shown with no fear of refutation, that Open-Air work for God is as old as preaching itself. We are at liberty to believe that Enoch, the seventh from Adam, when he prophesied, asked for no better platform than the hill-side, and Noah, a greater and mightier one, was willing to reason with his fellowmen in the field wherein his marvellous ark was built.

Certainly Moses and Joshua found their most convenient place for addressing vast assemblies beneath the upreared arch of Heaven. Samuel closed an address in the field at Gilgal amid thunder and rain, by which the Lord rebuked the people and drove them to their knees.

Elijah stood on Carmel, and challenged the vacillating nation with, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Jonah, whose spirit was somewhat similar, lifted up the cry of warning in the streets of Nineveh, and in all the places of concourse gave forth a warning which he said would last forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

"Yet forty days"—one can imagine the feverish haste with which the prophet would utter these words; the urgency of the thought that he had but six short weeks—as we reckon them—before there

And the Saviour's cross we gladly learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.

TERRITORIAL TABLE TALK

Winnipeg, July 5th

Winnipeg Salvationists are requested to take note that the Commissioner will conduct the Farewell of Lt-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson in the Garrison Auditorium (and not in the Citadel, as previously announced) on Monday next, July 9th. The following evening Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson will meet the Officers and men of the Logan Avenue Hostel for a Final Farewell, and leave for "down east" on the afternoon of Wednesday.

We are glad to announce that the Chief Secretary continues to make good progress and seems in no way hindered in such by the recent small adventures he has made into official and public affairs.

"They rest from their labors" may be thought to be the motto of the Field Department these days; but reliable information is to the effect that the text which is engaging their attention is "Their works do follow them."

Ensign Capon is appointed to the Financial Department at Territorial Headquarters, San Francisco. The best of wishes go with him and his.

During the Garrison Recess, Brigadier and Mrs. Carter will be visiting several points in the interest of the Candidates Department, interviewing and advising young people in regard to the call of Officership.

Mrs. Whitley, the aged sister of our dear comrade, Lt-Colonel Phillips, recently passed through Winnipeg en route from Herefordshire; she is to spend the remainder of her days with the Colonel and Mrs. Phillips in Vancouver.

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton have taken up their duties in connection with the Sandy Hook Camp, and are already prime favorites with all their constituents.

would come the fulfilment of his message, and the doom upon the people of that city. And when one comes to think of it there is little more time than that—if that, my Lord—in which we can tell our message to the summer crowds. These summer days, how brief and fleeting they are.

Even as we write the winter seems to be hurrying on with its cold, its snow and ice. Let us not waste a single moment of these "Open-Air Days"; let us see to it that Christ is uplifted again and again. Let there be no passing crowd on the streets or in the market places, or by the countryside, which is not compelled to halt for a few moments to hear the tale of "Jesus Died." Let there be no individual soul who has not heard the message.

"If I be lifted up," He said, "I will draw all men unto me." Let us see that this blessed charge is blessedly fulfilled, and hundreds throughout these Western



Lands shall have occasion to praise God for the wayside ministry of The Army during these summer days.
In the open air our Army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed standard there,
And the Saviour's cross we gladly learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.

TERRITORIAL TABLE TALK

Winnipeg, July 5th

Adjutant Davies is doing temporary—and vacation—duty at Calgary 1 for two months. She is being assisted by Cadet-Sergeants Avey and Fraser. We predict a rosy time for all concerned.

Captain Margaret Stratton, of Box 244, Nelson, B.C. begs that we will say that it is in urgent need of a good English conversation, and will appreciate hearing from any comrade who has such an article for disposal.

Congratulations to Will Carroll; his Bird Book Index is now being published in the Toronto "Cry," which all goes to prove that he has hit upon a good thing that others do well to follow.

One of the best items of news we have heard for a long time—Ensign Eva Leadbetter!—And on July 4th too!

William George Kerr, Junior, is now fully equipped for the battle of life, having been dedicated by the Field Secretary during a visit to Calgary.

Staff-Captain Steele has secured a charming camp site on the East Shore of Lake Winnipeg for the Manitoba Life-Saving Scouts. The young bloods who come under that cognomen are promising themselves a wild time under canvas—and elsewhere. Parents of the same are requested not to worry, any casualties will be reported immediately—by request.

What the speaker was saying was quite unknown to the folk in the back benches, who presently began to shout, "Speak up!" and kept on shouting it, as their first appeals were fruitless. At last a man in the second row from the front rose in his place and urged to the disturbers at the rear, "What's the matter?" he asked; "can't you hear?" "No," shouted the protesters. "Then be thankful," he answered; "we can."

The Marquess of Lincolnshire

Passing of one of The Army's Most Staunch Friends, A Link with The Founder

BY the death, at eighty-five years of age, of the Marquess of Lincolnshire, The Army has lost an old and staunch friend as well as a link with the Founder, with whom he had intimate acquaintance for many years.

The story which Lord Lincolnshire once told of his first meeting with the Founder is characteristic of the man and of his unswerving championship of all deserving help.

Arriving by train late one night at High Wycombe (where he lived) he found a state of great disorder reigning outside the railway station. Inquiring the cause of the trouble he was informed that a Salvation Army riot was taking place. As a matter of fact a personal assault was being made upon The Army's Leader. Forcing himself through the crowd, by the aid of the police he led the General to his carriage, drove him to his own home, and entertained him there for the night.

Many years later the Marquess presided at the opening function of one of The Army's Land Colonies, and during the course of his speech said it had been his good fortune to have a close friendship with three great candidates of Charity. "Faith, Hope, and Charity," said his Lordship, placing his hand upon the General's shoulder, a spontaneous act of friendliness which was specially pleasing to the audience.

British Field Notes

More than seven hundred suitable Candidates have applied for the next Session at the International Training Garrison which commences in August next. The required seven hundred for the Centenary Session having been selected with three great candidates. Department is now dealing with applications for the 1929 Session.

Many Canada West Salvationists who lived from the Old Land will remember Staff-Captain Tom Boyd, once famous as a "Quarterly Collection Special." He has just passed to his eternal reward after a retirement of twenty-five years. He was seventy-three years of age.

A new Citadel has been opened for the Corps at Ellesmere Port, in the Liverpool Division. A new Hall has also been opened at Custom House, a densely populated district in East London.

On his way to commit a very desperate deed a man was last week attracted by the poster, "Salvation Brings Love and Happiness," displayed outside the Hall at Parkhead, Glasgow. After reading it he made his way to the Officers' Quarters, where, producing a knife, he unfolded a very sad story, and begged the Officer to show him the way of Salvation.

The Corps at Shaw, (Lancs.), recently tried a new route for their march back to the Hall, and as a consequence a drunken man was attracted to the Meeting, and knelt at the Penitent-Form. He is doing well as a convert.

SE hundred Young People attended a Y.P. Council at Blackburn, conducted by Commissioner Cunningham; the Day one hundred with one hundred surrenderers.

The officer Bernard Booth conducted two interesting gatherings at Barking and Southend; in the one there were twenty soldiers, and the other resulted in six at the Mercy-Seat.

Held up at Shaunavon

The South Saskatchewan Charities are held up at Shaunavon—rains have made the roads impassable. However, the Showers of Blessing are helping forward, for six more souls are reported, making fourteen forward during the three days the Charity has been in the town.

The Self-Denial Campaign

A Letter from the Commissioner

Territorial Headquarters
Winnipeg

July 5th, 1928.

My Dear Comrades and Friends:

It will be readily understood that the final settlement and adjustment of the Self-Denial Fund totals cannot be made within a few days, especially having regard to the widespread area over which we have been operating, and the very many individuals who have been glad to have had a share in the Campaign. We have now arrived at the final figures, and hut for our desire to give full space to our triumphant Garrison Commissioning we should have published the positive results last week.

A glance at the Statement given below will show that the splendid total of \$77,166.30 has been raised as compared with \$75,003.27 for last year, being an increase of \$2,163.03.

This result means much in the helping of needy branches of The Army Operations—at home and abroad—and some relief for those upon whose shoulders there rests the heavy burden of financing the same.

There is one very happy feature in connection with this year's Effort. There has been a marked increase in the personal giving within our own ranks. One has only to recall some of the wonderful Altar Service manifestations; Winnipeg Citadel and Vancouver Citadel Altar Gifts were approximately \$1,500. Leaving the sphere of Corps supported by workers, let us remember the Service at the Training Garrison, where the Cadets who drew their last wages at least eight months previously, placed \$125 on the Altar. These are signs which

Division	1927	1928
Manitoba and North-West Ontario	\$23,828.88	\$24,662.27
Southern Saskatchewan	12,919.91	12,911.28
Northern Saskatchewan	8,029.93	8,559.28
Alberta	13,424.04	13,149.60
Southern British Columbia	16,305.93	17,722.73
Northern British Columbia and Alaska	2,268.95	2,322.60
	\$76,777.64	\$79,327.76
Less Corps Expenses	1,774.37	2,161.46
	\$75,003.27	\$77,166.30

cause one to rejoice, and I venture particularly to say that He Who knows and sees all things has a special interest in such Offerings.

Thankful for every dollar, for every dime, grateful to every donor, mindful of every worker, on behalf of The General, whose heart has been gladdened by our Territorial achievements, I pledge careful spending of this money, and promise that The Army will continue to address itself to the faithful preaching of the Gospel and the uplift and betterment of the needy everywhere.

Having made this announcement in respect to the Self-Denial Campaign, and feeling a great measure of gratitude in regard thereto, for the relief it will afford us in many directions, I call upon all loyal Salvationists throughout Canada West to get ready for

The Centenary Call Campaign

It will be remembered that our beloved General has given us this Call to commemorate the Centenary of the birth of our great Founder, and that it is expected of The Army all around the World to make such advances, consolidations, and endeavours, as will afford a real tribute to him of whom it might well be said, thousands, under God, owe their eternal salvation or all they now have of material prosperity.

During recent years much has been done in Western Canada to build up The Army—in flesh and blood and spirit, as well as properties of utility and importance, but there is much more—very much more—to be done. The Centenary Call Campaign will afford us that opportunity, and during the next few weeks we shall formulate the Territorial Plans. In the meantime, get ready.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

Blair P. Rich

Lt.-Commissioner.

The Commissioner at Sandy Hook Camp

THE Commissioner and Mrs. Rich Hook Camp for July 1st, where they found a large crowd of Mothers and "Fresh Air" children all ready to receive them, and to join in heartily with The Army exercises of the Sunday.

Knowing how well the Commissioner can adapt himself to a free and easy kind of a gathering, it will be understood that the crowd who clustered into the Camp Dining Hall had no unhappy or uncomfortable hour. Songs and short talks were the order all through.

Adjutant Acton was the precursor-in-chief, and while he was on his feet, kept things moving. The Brandon Home Choir added their sweet chorales to the event, and it goes without saying that Lt.-Colonel Sims was vociferously received.

The Commissioner brought the Meeting to a close with a happily pointed address, such as could be heard by every individual present—young and old. One announcement which he made has created some eagerness; a special prize to the boy or girl now in Camp who collects the best bouquet of wild flowers, and another prize for the most complete list of the various kinds of birds seen at the Camp. Nothing has been said up to date about the varieties of "skeeters".

At the night Meeting, where the Commissioner also presented himself for a short season—there was another lively programme. L.S. Scout Wilfred Taylor distinguished himself by "Telling Stories," and Brigadier Park addressed the Meeting. Another season of "Community Singing" of course. E.S.

Salvaging Humanity

Salvage is a word that is generally used in connection with goods saved from fire or shipwreck; but a mother salvages the dresses of her older daughters when she makes them over for the younger ones. "I had a dream the other night,"

It was a very droll one; I dreamed I had a brand-new hat, Made out of my daddy's of 'one."

Some of us, who are old enough to vote, recognize these lines as the Friday afternoon speech of a small boy in a country school.

It is interesting to see a shoemaker look over a pair of old shoes, trying to decide if they are worth fixin'. Have you ever had the upholsterer man over an old davenport or a set of chairs? Wasn't the transformation wonderful?

A Junk Heap

There are some people, who, when looking on a junk-heap, always find themselves thinking, "What a pity this or that has been thrown away. Somebody could have used it and made it serviceable and beautiful."

Ships, automobiles, furniture, everything that is made for use, eventually wears out, but it is saddening to see these things go to their several graveyards.

The greatest salvaging on earth is that which rehabilitates human beings. Speculating in terms of the purely physical, the surgeon's chief business is the repairing of injuries.

Far be it from me to undervalue the work of the clutches—any of them—but, somehow, I feel and have always felt that the greatest saving organization on earth is The Salvation Army.

It doesn't sound very pretty to speak of a human junk-heap, but there are wrecks of humanity; wrecked hearts that once were handsome and brave and bright shadows that were once beautiful charming women.

Salvaging Humans

The motto of The Salvation Army is: "A man may be down, but he is never out." Mother may throw the old dress aside and say, "Not worth fixin'." The shoemaker may shake his head and say, "Impossible." The upholsterer may say, "It would be cheaper to get something new." The surgeon may turn away, sadly saying, "There is nothing more I can do." Not so The Salvation Army. If there is skin and bones and pulse they are ready and glad to try to salvage the miserable piece of human junk. And they often succeed.

W. F. Melton in the Atlanta "Cry."

The Deliberations of Dorcas Domore



July 5th, 1928.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have told Daniel that I will write these Notes this week, although I am sorry I have promised, for it is sad work saying a columnful when really you have nothing to say that is worth saying except you often feel like that, in fact, I am sure you do.

It happens, however, that my dear husband is far from well. He got greatly excited at the recent Commissioning, and overdid himself. He says it was that we had too many visitors over the weekend (So it was), but really it was nothing of the sort. You understand, Mr. Editor, that he is not as young as he was, and he will go to every meeting that comes along, although, as he so kindly informed you, I did get him to stay in on Sunday afternoon.

Then, he does not quite know what to do about that letter he has had from the D.C. about going with the Chariot. He is all eager to go in some days with them, but he has a feeling that he is being cold-shouldered. Further, he is greatly worried about those "Crys" which the Cadets used to sell, and about which he can get no satisfaction. I tell him not to worry, but that, maybe, somebody up at the Garrison is doing the selling in the meantime (Four hundred customers gone bang).

Ever since he had the D.C. letter, he has been getting out some of his old Sermon Books, and rattling away on our old typewriter, getting out sheaves of notes, until he makes me tired. I want to know who is going to pay his fare out to the places he wants to visit—I'm not doing it out of my house-keeping money; and I know just about the extent of his pocket-money. (I'll say July 1).

Speers, Sask., July 1.

Dear Mr. Domore:

I take great pleasure in reading your letters, and would be very sorry if you were to give up writing them and go away on the Chariot. I know you would try to get somebody to take your place, but the letters would not be as good as yours. Don't be discouraged about the "War Crys", as soon as the holidays are over I am sure the sales will go up again. In my little town, I sell about four hundred every week. There is a population of one hundred all told. It is too bad Dorcas can't get a girl in to help her, and let you have all your time to write. I do hope you will stay at your job, and not go on the Chariot.

I am, yours truly,

C.C. Mahel Lalonde.

My word, Mr. Editor, you ought to see that letter has backed up Danny; he says he really is some use in the war.

I often say that it doesn't take much to cheer the men folk. I must bring this rambling letter to a close—there is nothing in it—like the promises of some people in regard to the circulation of our dear papers. However, when they get settled in their new Corps they will either make some rains, or "get down to rock bottom again."

Yours ever so sincerely,

Dorcas Domore.

P.S.—

Danny wants me to assure you that there is nothing seriously wrong with him, nothing contagious, and that if you want to see him, we are still at the address we were at when you called before Christmas.

Victory Winning on the Field

New Band Instruments Presented

Grandview, (Ensign and Mrs. Thierstein). The farewell Meetings of Ensign and Mrs. McEachern were very impressive, and a great surge of blessing came upon us. As a result, two seekers were registered. The Ensign and Mrs. McEachern, with their true love for souls, and their sterling Salvationism, have endeared themselves to us all.

In the Holiness Meeting Mrs. Staff-Captain Bourne who led some helpful testimonies and Mrs. McEachern spoke convincingly. In the afternoon our Officers bade farewell to the children and Y.P. Workers. At night Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Phillips was another unexpected but welcome visitor. The Ensign's last address contained much food for thought, and we all rejoiced at the following demonstration of Christ's saving power.

Monday evening we all joined in a Farewell Social, at which there was a large attendance. The Y.P. Band also gave a short concert, and music as did the Senior Band later in the evening.

JAIL MEETINGS APPRECIATED

Prince Albert, (Captain and Mrs. Edwards). Last Sunday we said farewell to Ensign and Mrs. Fugelsang, who have been two of our most devoted, but time they helped and encouraged us, and worked hard indeed. They have gained many friends, both among Salvationists, and the townspeople, and will long be remembered. On Sunday morning they paid their last visit to the jail, where they have done much valuable work. Mrs. Fugelsang attending to the women, and the Ensign visiting the men. They have helped the prisoners spiritually, and have also written letters for them, and done other deeds of kindness. The Warden's wife expressed her appreciation of the work done. Before the Meeting closed, the Ensign and his wife, at the request of the prisoners, sang one more duet. Their singing has been an especial means of blessing to these men and women.

Many Meetings and Partings

Victoria, (Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett). Victoria is a place of meetings and partings, and the Corps has its full share. But we smile, and "carry on," although the figures do not always even up. We were pleased indeed to have Captain and Mrs. Carruthers, who have been visiting Winnipeg. We have also enjoyed a weekend of much spiritual blessing with Envoys and Mrs. McGill leading on. Candidate Miller of Seattle I also took part; we rejoiced over two souls seeking the Lord.

Brigadier Layman was the welcome visitor for the following Sunday, and four souls were the visible results in the Salvation Meeting. Rejoice with us for this.

The last weekend of June brought with it the forty-first anniversary of the Corps, and was also the occasion of the farewell of Commandant and Mrs. Jones, who have led us on for two years. Many testified to the blessing and help received through their ministrations, both in the Meetings, and during personal contact. May God continue to use and bless them, in their new duties.

The following Tuesday a crowd of Soldiers and friends assembled at the ferry to bid them and their family God-

We pray that God will bless these Officers, and their accompanying leaders, Ensign and Mrs. Thierstein.

The auditorium of the new Junior High School was the scene of a very special event recently, at least, so far as Vancouver's army Musical circles were concerned, when the Grandview Band gave a splendid Festival, under the direction of Bandmaster Fuller. Brigadier Layman was the Chairman on this occasion, and took part in the most interesting item of the evening—the presentation of two new instruments, direct from The Salvation Army Instrument Factory at St. Albans. It may be imagined how much we enjoyed the duet given by Bandsmen Fitch and Warner, on their new instruments, later in the evening. Throughout the whole evening the Band responded splendidly to the baton, every member working enthusiastically.

On Wednesday last, the Band gave another performance at the same place, where a varied program was much enjoyed.—S.C.M.

The Corps Meetings on Sunday were very helpful, with large attendances, and the last words of our Officers drew us near to God. During their stay with us many Meetings have been held in outside towns and villages, where we have often heard people say, "This is the first time I have heard The Salvation Army for years," or "since I left the Old Country." A warm welcome awaits Captain and Mrs. Edwards.—B.W.

FOUR REPENTANT SOULS

MacLeod, (Captain Lesh and Lieutenant Thierstein). We were more than delighted to have Staff-Captain Merritt with us last weekend. His concertina playing, the new choruses introduced, and his words of counsel and cheer, especially, brought a great blessing. We rejoiced with the angels in heaven on Sunday night when four repentant souls sought forgiveness of their sins.—"Overcomer"

RED-HOT TESTIMONIES AND SOULS

Winnipeg Citadel, (Adjutant and Mrs. Junker). The special series of welcome Meetings for our new Commanding Officer commenced with the Open-Air on Saturday evening. We had a wonderful time, the spirit of God was in our midst, and the testimonies were all exciting. The Soldiers rallied well all day Sunday, making up, in some degree, for the absence of the Band, away on tour. At night the Y.P. Band helped us wonderfully, and the Soldiers gave the Adjutant a warm welcome. The Adjutant went forward to seeing Mrs. Junker, when she returns from her visit to Denmark. At the close of the Salvation Meeting, two precious souls came to Jesus. Glory to His name!—C.S.M. J. Mur.

CAPTURES IN THE POURING RAIN

Biggar, (Captain Mary Smith and Lieut. M. Carse). We have just said farewell to Captain and Mrs. Blue, whose stay with us has been all too short. These self-denying Officers were never too tired to visit and pray with those in need, and their selfless and unselfish service of conversion have been recognized. Recently, during one wet Saturday evening's Open-Air, a man came out into the street, where we stood in water and mud, and wanted to know about the way of Salvation. The Captain invited him to the Meeting, and there he claimed salvation.

On two occasions a woman stood and listened to the message in the Open-Air, both during the pouring rain. Last Saturday evening she came and stood in the rain, and then went to the Hall, where she was dealt with, and at last claimed Salvation. It appears that she was a Greek Catholic. She testifies to the fact that God Himself has now forgiven her sins, and that her husband, who is a Roman Catholic, may also come to the Army.

We pray that God will bless Captain and Mrs. Blue in their new appointment, and that His Spirit will be with us, and that we may welcome our new Officers, Captain Smith and Lieutenant Carse.—A.D.

A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or Tunes, in the New Band Tune Book. (Compiled for Mrs. Deputy-Bandmaster Will Carroll, Winnipeg Citadel)

N.B.—First settings and new tunes are marked thus (*)

Song	Tune Book
341 Call to Holiness	51 99
342 Come let us sing	101 102
343 Look ye saints! the sabbath	222 226
344 Now is the time of grateful	11 11
345 O Lord, what shall I do	329 329
346 O Lord, what shall I do	329 329
347 Why are you doubting	413
348 O Lord, what shall I do	118 118
349 I will sing praise to you	118 118
350 I thank you, O Lord	219
351 O Lord, what shall I do	219
352 O Lord, what shall I do	219
353 O Lord, what shall I do	219
354 O Lord, what shall I do	219
355 O Lord, what shall I do	219
356 O Lord, what shall I do	219
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394 O Lord, what shall I do	219
395 O Lord, what shall I do	219
396 O Lord, what shall I do	219
397 O Lord, what shall I do	219

(Note.—To get this list, you should be cut out and kept for reference. When completed it will furnish the names of the Officers, Bandsmen, Bandswomen, etc.)

HAVE YOU MADE A WILL?

FORM OF BEQUEST

May we suggest that if you have not done so, it is important you should.

May we also suggest that by naming The Salvation Army for a legacy you can, by your work and words, be of service to us with us—and we hope you may long continue in health and strength—help provide for its perpetuation and extension after you have gone?

The following form of bequest may be used. Any information or advice will be gladly furnished to any applicant, or through legal advisers, to Lt.-Colonel Carruthers, R.R. 317, Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

I give, bequeath and appoint unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada West Territory, the sum of £ _____

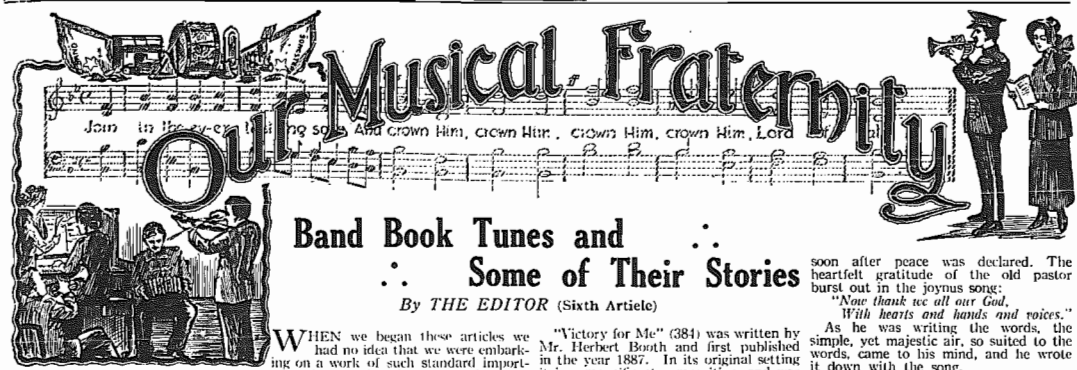
known as No. _____ in the city or town of _____

and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory.

If it is desired that money be used for any particular branch of work, it should be here added.

Signed _____

All checks to be made payable to The Salvation Army.



"When You Are In The Family"

Some people are so diffident in their approach to God; they seem to forget altogether that he is "Our Father." They treat Him as if He were some stupendous being, whom it is a crime to approach. We Nationalists are sometimes told we are not reverent enough.

Now if I were presented at Court, I would like to do things properly. You don't think I should run up to the Throne with outstretched hand crying, "Hullo, how are you?" Of course I would try and walk up decently—though the greatest difficulty would be to know how to get away, once I was there!

But supposing the Prince of Wales, after being six months away, went into the Palace in that way, dressing up, and dragging on one knee and observing all the formalities—well, I think from all we hear of our King's kind heart, he would say something like, "Here, son—cut it out!"

It makes all the difference when you come into the family. The stiff-necked, punctilious creature who thinks of God as an autocratic Eastern potentate, rather than as a Father, is irreverent—and worse.

Rather bluntly put, say you; well, perhaps it is, but—it does make all the difference if you are in the family, and there is no reason at all why you should not be.

"The Power of God Is Enough"
Stewart, B.C.,
June 25th, 1928

To the Editor of
"The War Cry":

I simply have to drop you this short note after reading the Bandman's Number of "The War Cry." It only reached me yesterday in this out of the way corner of the Territory; the "Cry" is generally a little late when it reaches me, through my father ("L.A.") in Vancouver.

You can scarcely realize what a feast it is to me. Like the old saying, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry," I never realized the value of The Army publications until I reached here, where there is no Army Corps issue, with such a lot of Band news as a great blessing and inspiration.

There certainly must have been a great time in Winnipeg during the Band Corps weekend, and the crumbs from the table, through the medium of "The Cry," as a tremendous help.

Perhaps you wonder who I am. (Oh, no we don't; we're an eye and a mind for Army comrades.—Ed.) I am just a lonely Army Bandman in a place where little thought is given to spiritual things, but I know from experience that the Power of God is enough for me. Before I came here I was an active member of the Vancouver Citadel Band, and now for nearly four months I have had to be content with being an active absent one.

By the time I get back to the Corps again, I shall be with the new journals and the New Tune Book, I shall be out of date. But keep up your good work of the Bandman's Page, and your articles on the New Tune Book; I am just longing to get a look between its covers.

—Bandman F. A. Allan.

Band Book Tunes and Some of Their Stories

By THE EDITOR (Sixth Article)

WHEN we began these articles we had no idea that we were embarking on a work of such standard importance; if there had been any other man in the Editor's chair he surely would have cut us off long ago. However, at the risk of being charged with prosiness we find it difficult to know where to stay our hand. We wish, however, that we had tried to learn more about such a fascinating subject when there were greater opportunities at our service. We can only hope that somebody else—better qualified—will carry on the work.

To retrace our steps for a few numbers, "The Vacant Chair" (318) is an American melody, while "Pleasure in His Service" (319) was originally an English ballad tune—"Where is the merry party?" "For old Joe" (29), who needs to be told from whence that came? But what a touching melody it is, especially if used to H.H.B.'s wonderful words, "Gone are the days of wretchedness and sin."

One cannot afford to pass without notice, "Abide with me" (323), which in some circles is known as "Eventide." It was written by Dr. W. H. Monk, of whom it was said that "he taught many to praise God but had never praised Him before; he taught others to praise Him more worthily than hitherto." His widow gave the following story of the writing of the tune: "It was written at a time of great sorrow—when together we watched, as we did daily, the glories of the setting sun. As the last golden ray faded he took up some paper and pencilled that tune which has gone all over the earth." And for those who remember the story of the writing of the hymn there is a beautiful coincidence in the two anecdotes.

"Hanover" (329), dates from the year 1707, and was originally attributed to Handel, but it had been in use for at least three years when he landed in England in 1710. It passed under a number of names (even in those days they loved to re-dedicate tunes), but received its present name about the time when George III came to the throne—out of compliment to that monarch. It is worthy of note that this was one of two tunes which were the only two new ones introduced into the church services of England for a space of nearly one hundred years.

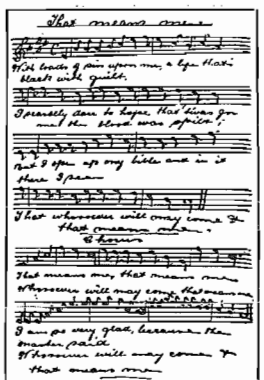
We believe we are correct in saying that the composer of "Let us raise our cheerful voices" (334) soldiered at the Corps at Sherbrooke Street, Winnipeg, although he was in our Australian ranks when the melody was first published. It could do with a revival.

It would be too great a disappointment for our readers to pass over entirely Sullivan's grand "Onward, Christian Soldiers" (378). This was written during his earlier years as a composer, before he had become so widely known as a writer of much lighter "stuff." It was written for a small house-party staying at the Rectory of Hanford, in Dorsetshire, and first played on a humble harmonium there.

It may be of interest for us to say that Sullivan was the son of a military bandmaster and was so precocious a juvenile musician that "by the time he was eight years old he had learned to play almost every wind instrument in the band."

"Victory for Me" (384) was written by Mr. Herbert Booth and first published in the year 1887. In its original setting it is a magnificent composition, and was pre-eminent among those which did much to start The Army on its march to its present high standard of musical writing. To hear it as we first heard it in our boyhood, sung by thousands of voices and accompanied by hundreds of bandmen at one of the great Crystal Palace demonstrations, remains a thrilling memory.

What a host of H.H.B.'s melodies appear in the Section now before us. "The Penitent's Plea"—409—one of the grandest religious (personal) tunes that was ever penned; and what treasured memories it has. "With Sword and Shield" (415) oh, the martialness of it when the Household Troops Band pealed it forth. "There's a Golden Day" (426). The Army wedding anthem, written, if we mistake not, for



Facsimile of the Manuscript of "That means me."

use at the wedding of our present General, "Promoted to Glory" (460) which, if mentally wedded to the words, is as an Anthem of Eternal Life across the grave. It was written especially for the funeral of The Army Mother. And then as long as there is a Soldier in Army Halls, and as long as there is a penitent soul kneeling before God, we shall sing "All I have I am bringing to Thee." (522). A wonderful contribution—and the half has not been told.

"Now thank we all our God" (422) is sometimes styled "The Te Deum of Germany." It dates back to the period of the Thirty Years' War, and is said to have been written by a German pastor of the name of Martin Rinkart, although a Johann Cruger sometimes gets the credit. Rinkart was a clergyman who stayed in his native town of Ellenberg through the long years of that war, sharing with those in distress, and often suffering indignities at the hands of the rough soldiery. After twenty tedious years the plague broke out, and although he buried upwards of four thousand of his parishioners, he himself was untouched. Famine came, and the victorious enemy also demanded an enormous tribute. The brave pastor was successful in securing a reduction in these terms, and

soon after peace was declared. The heartfelt gratitude of the dead pastor burst out in the joyous song: "Now thank we all our God, With hearts and hands and voices." As he was writing the words, the simple, yet majestic air, so suited to the words, came to his mind, and he wrote it down with the song.

Of "The Lily of the Valley" (432) by Bandmaster Fry we have already spoken. "Down where the living waters flow" (433) was written by a Captain Bateman who, before coming to The Army, was a drunken young fellow much sought after in public-house musical circles.

"God is keeping His soldiers fighting" (438) originally appeared as "When the trumpet sounds I'm ready," but H.H.B.'s original words were soon lost to sight and sound in Colonel Pearson's more stirring song. And did it not do duty in many a story fight in those early days? "We never, never will give in!" was sung through many a riot and outside many a police-court and jail; and we never did give in.

Of "All hail I'm saved" (444) there is an amusing story; not of the music, but of the song. "Orange Harriet" was a girl from the Yorkshire town of Bradford, or Sheffield—one of those Yorkshire cities, at the moment we forget which. In a drunken stupor she was reeling home one night when she heard The Army singing along the street, as she thought, "Old ale, I'm saved," and under the impression that she was following them to a place where free ale was flowing, she at length reached The Army Hall and was gloriously saved.

The Editors have unashamedly set forth some of the tunes under original secular titles; not altogether a bad practice, but "Ring the bell, watchman" (468) is too indelicately associated with "The Salvation Army is marching along" ever to have any other name in our thoughts. In our boyhood days we heard the old Christian Mission warrior who first set our words to this tune say, that he was walking along the streets one night when the church bells began to chime and play this air, and as he walked, his words came to him, only then they were—"The Christian Mission is marching along"—and that a year or two before we "joined up." But The Army is still marching along.

Commissioner Railton was responsible for giving The Army "Marching through Georgia" (474). We imagine he heard it in those days, when it was starting. The Air of off its triumphant march through the United States. His words were originally "Shout aloud Salvation, boys, and we'll have another song." Well, we've had many another song since those days, but we've not sung "We'll sound the Saviour's praises Over every land and sea, As we go marching to Glory."

"Come shout and sing" (475) is another much converted. It was originally launched on the world to the words of "I traced her little footsteps in the snow," and one can easily imagine how one of our early day poets of The Army would seize on such a line for alteration and adaptation, not to say improvement. There are two or three just about here which advertise their former associations, and we wonder why the Editors did not give them a special Dedication Service and register their solution Army names. Never mind, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

(Continued next week)

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

realize it will take a lot of coal, but I do not think it will bankrupt me."

"I will see to this immediately," continued Mr. Murray. "I will have some coal tickets printed and send them to you tomorrow. When you give them out just sign them with your name, and I will settle for them at the coal yard."

The young Captain was appealingly ingenious. He had a face upon which was plainly written his changing emotions, and his shy happiness at the successful termination of his quest appealed to the older man in such a way as to leave him with a joy that was largely wistful. "Perhaps it was this feeling which led him to say, 'And now, Captain, that the coal is disposed of, just what lies next heaviest upon your heart.'"

Again the Captain laughed shyly. "Ask me something easy, sir," he said, "there are so many things."

"Yes; I know," urged the other, "but there must be some one thing that is at the top. What is it?"

Many things raced through the Captain's active mind, but after a moment or two of careful thought, he said, "I think it is milk. Milk for the babies."

"All right. I will take care of that, too. You make arrangements for it and have the bills sent to me."

And Mr. Murray rose to indicate that the interview was at an end. As the Captain stood and grasped his hand in parting his eyes were misty with the depth of his feelings.

He Felt Like Dancing for Joy

And as we made his way down the hill he could hardly contain himself. He felt like dancing for joy. When he reached home he raced up the stairs. He found his wife with Lillian in the kitchen preparing an evening meal. He caught his wife and began to dance wildly about the kitchen with her, meantime emitting shouts of joy.

"Alan!" she laughingly protested, "whatever is the matter? Oh, you'll shake my hair down!" Then appealing to Helen who was laughingly watching the antics, "What do you suppose is the matter with the man? He's gone mad!"

"I feel as if I had," panted the Captain, releasing her. "Oh, I feel perfectly wild! Mr. Murray is going to pay for coal for all the poor families of Sardis, and milk for the babies as well! Whoop-ee!"

"Oh, Alan!" cried his wife, her hands up to her disheveled hair, her wide eyes shining mistily with happiness. "Isn't it wonderful? It seems too good to be true!"

"Nevertheless, it is true! Oh, I could hardly hold myself in as I came along the street. I could scarcely wait to get inside the house to have my dance!"

The next day the coal tickets that Mr. Murray had had printed came, and when it became known in Sardis that The Salvation Army was dispensing coal there was a veritable run on the bank—but it was the coal bank. Each one who received an allotment of coal must have reported it to four or five others judging from the way they came. Also it soon became widely known about the milk for the babies. All this made more work for the busy little band of Salvationists, but they did not mind it in the least. They were supremely happy to think that at last it was in their power to meet these very real needs of the poor.

A Gracious Spirit of Revival

To the great delight of the Captain and his followers, that winter there came a gracious spirit of revival in the Corps, and a genuine spiritual awakening. Every Meeting night the Hall was filled with the people whose spiritual hunger had been aroused. Seldom did a Meeting close without conversions among those who came.

The Captain was speaking about this blessed awakening with Sergeant-Major Lachlin. He expressed his joy over the fine gatherings of souls in the Meeting.

"I think it has always been thus," said the Sergeant-Major shrilly, his voice alluringly slurred by a soft Scottish burr. "When the Lord gives clearness of teeth there is almost always a turning to Him, and a gracious revival. I think there is a wee bit of the Prodigal Son in all of us. It oft-times takes the pinch of adversity to make a genuine spiritual awakening. And to bring us to the consciousness that we have sinned and stand in need of forgiveness."

But with all the things over which they rejoiced, there were also touches of disappointment that brought shadows as well. It was on the Saturday night following this talk that the Captain on his "War Cry" route through the saloons found Will the blacking man was heavily drunk, and seemed a vastly different person than the Will Coulter the Captain had known heretofore. Of course he had known of Will's reputation as a drunkard, but it was the first time he had ever seen him under the influence of strong drink. The bleared eyes, the loose, sagging mouth, and the lurching gait gave poor Will an unspeakably bestial appearance. The Captain was both shocked and grieved. He tried to get Will out of the place, but he was too far gone in

drink to give any heed to him, and so he had to leave him in the saloon where he had found him.

But throughout the rest of his route he was haunted by the memory of the poor broken man he had left back there in that maudlin condition. It annoyed him at his heart. When he got home he could not stop thinking to his wife of what he had seen, but he prayed for him earnestly than ever for Will, now that he had seen him in his degradation.

But there were others who had not his light to spare his wife who told her of Will's defection. It stirred her deeply. This debauch of Will's was an unusually bad one and lasted for considerably more than a week before he began to sober up again. Afterward he was a pitiable wreck. He had no intention of coming to the Meetings, but someone got hold of him one night and brought him in. He sat in a shadowy corner at the back and quietly listened.

When the invitation was given for sinners to come and get right with God he made an attempt to sit up and go out of the Hall, but Mrs. Bristow had been expecting this, and she had slipped down and intercepted him before he got to the door. He would not meet her eyes, but she laid her hand upon his arm and drew him into an empty tier of seats and began to talk to him quietly.

Couldn't Look a Dog in the Face

He listened in silence for a time. Then he gave her a fleeting glance, but again dropped his eyes to the floor as he said in a tone so low she could hardly hear him: "I do thank you for your interest in me, Mrs. Bristow, but you don't understand. You're no idea how ashamed I feel. I just couldn't look a dog in the face. It isn't because I don't want to be free; God knows I do. My voice grew more tender and broke as he went on, "God knows that if I could only save my life from this curse I'd be glad I'd be willing to lay that life down tonight!"

"It is of use, Brother Coulter," she said personally. "God is not willing that any should perish, you amongst the rest. It's true perhaps, that there is no help in yourself, nor in us, but God can help you!"

"I don't know, he said wearily. I sometimes think that I was only born to be damned. I came into this world with the love for strong drink burning in my veins. I inherited it."

"Oh, surely not, Brother Coulter," she protested. She was shocked for the hopelessness in his voice was near to despair. "How could that be? Your father and mother were good people, Salvation Army Officers."

"That is because you haven't known. Before my father was saved he was an amateur drinker, and I was born in Yorkshire, England. He was a sort of hero in the 'pubs' and he was a hard drinker. I am the only one of us boys who was born before his conversion. He sowed the wild oats, and I am the harvest."

Before she could answer him, his brother, Frank, came up and touched him on the arm. Mrs. Bristow could not help but feel grieved that he had come to her for Will but she had seen so frank and open with her before. But she could not help it, so she left silent while the Bandmaster addressed his brother.

"Come on, Will, he urged, "be a man and get the victory. Look at what drink is doing for you, may, has already done for you. Your sin has brought you down till you are a by-word in the town, and have brought disgrace on that low you."

As the Bandmaster was speaking Mrs. Bristow felt herself shrinking inwardly. She felt that this was not the way to reach Will. As his brother pressed her a look of reckless hardness came sweeping over his face, and his hands gripped the back of the seat in front of him till the knuckles stood out white. She felt that she was not altogether in the best of the world, and as much as it was the tone in which he uttered them, but Will was shaken and irritable and supercilious, and every word fell on him like a lick on the nose.

Carrying About a Bit of Hell

"Go on," he mocked bitterly, "go on, tell me something else! Tell me something I don't already know! You think you know all about it, but you haven't even touched the hem of the garment of holiness. And a mighty lot you care too! So I'm a by-word all the town, and I've brought disgrace upon that low you. You're always being more concerned about your good name and the festering thorn in the flesh. I've always been to you than you've ever been to me. I'd salvation of my soul! Listen; I don't need any more help from you. I've something that tells me that I'm not in my best. I'm carrying around an eternal curse of justice. I'm the judge and the jury, and I'm the prisoner at the bar, forever pleading guilty. And I think I'm carrying about with me a choice bit of Hell to which I'm going!"

And with a mirthless, bitter laugh he went out through the door into the darkness outside.

(To be Continued)



He Was a Pitiable Wreck.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Captain Alan Bristow, the new Officer for The Salvation Army Corps at Sardis, arriving in the town early in the morning with his wife, at her urging, prays on the station platform that God may richly bless their coming to Sardis. To them a little later at the Hall comes one of the Soldiers of the Corps, Mrs. Denny, who with much kind-hearted chatter, gradually entitles them on matters pertaining to the Corps, telling them especially of a bookkeeper, Will Coulter, in whom they become greatly interested. Shortly after their arrival in Sardis there comes to them a young woman named Helen Ormand. She is in great trouble, and when her father turns her out of her home, they take her in and make arrangements for her entry into the Army's Maternity Hospital in a nearby city. There are growing rumors of an impending strike in Sardis. The Captain and his wife are discussing these rumors one evening when a policeman, Officer O'Donnell, calls at the quarters seeking their aid in locating his son, Danny O'Donnell, who has disappeared from his home five months before and has not been heard from since. When Helen comes back to them they rejoice with her to know that she has been saved while in the Hospital. She seems happy with him and is wrapped up in her love for her baby boy. The manufacturers and workmen fail to reach an agreement and a strike is called. This soon brings acute need among the poor, especially in a section called London Bridge. Captain Bristow, in order to meet the increased demand on the slender finances at his command, has sought an interview with Mr. Murray, the wealthiest man of the community. Mr. Murray receives him kindly and listens to his story, and upon finding that the Captain and his wife have only been taking half their meager salary since the commencement of the strike, he quietly says to the Captain, "All right, now; just what is it that you would like me to do?"

CHAPTER VI

A Friend in Need and a Disappointment

CAPTAIN BRISTOW searched the eyes across from him, trying to read in anticipation what the answer would be to his appeal.

"It is all, sir, that I came to see you about. There are so many of the poor families who are actually suffering greatly from the cold. So far we have not been able to give them coal. Something put it into my heart to come to you."

"All right," returned the small gray man, as casually as if he were handing over a five cent piece for the collection. "You may look to me for your supply of coal for the poor."

The Captain's heart gave a great leap of gladness at these words. "I scarcely know how to thank you, sir," he said, "You've no idea what a burden this will lift from me. But, you understand, this is going to be a heavy item; there are many poor families in Sardis, and they all seem to be needing coal."

The older man smiled in a kindly manner. "You think you have to offer me a loop-hole to back out? You are too conscientious. Never do that, Captain. When you see a man up, leave him sewed up, I

PARDON FIRST

WHEN William Herschel constructed his large telescope and discovered the planet Uranus, he was directed to look at Windsor, so that George III might hear of the wonderful discovery (it on the lips of the discoverer himself).

The astronomer duly appeared at the palace, bringing with him his telescope and a map of the solar system. He was widely occupied with the subtleties of the universe, and the last thing he thought about was his personal delinquency. Now, Herschel, while still a boy, had deserted from the army many years previously. In some way this fact had come to the knowledge of the king, and when the astronomer was ushered into the royal presence, His Majesty remarked that before they could discuss science a matter of imperative business must be transacted; whereupon he handed to the astonished astronomer a paper, written by the royal hand and bearing the royal signature, pardoning the deserter.

Herschel had become a great man, and no doubt had considered that he had outlived the memory and got beyond the reach of his juvenile delinquency. But the monarch's instinct was correct; the Royal pardon must cancel the old sin, and enable the king on a proper footing to show favor to the former offender by reminding him of his former sin, and the necessity for pardon.—Sydney "War Cry"

A PROOF OF THE TRUTH

"David, a man after God's own heart!" said an infidel: "a pretty specimen; a liar, an adulterer, a murderer." "You are a proof of the truth of God's Word," quietly answered the one to whom the words were addressed. For the Bible said that Nathan said to David: "By this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of Jehovah to blaspheme."

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriended, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Write to: ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 375-817 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of revolution of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2117. Charles Rowland Humphreys, age 41, medium build, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known occupation: farmer. Native of Belfast, Ireland. Last heard from at Princeton, N.C. Sister anxious for news.

2116. Charles Lester, age 52, left England 10 years ago to come to Canada. Dark complexion, dark hair, blue eyes. Sister anxious to locate. Money has been left under his father's will.

2115. James George, age 36, height 5 ft. 4 in., black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Native of Belfast, Ireland. Last heard from at Princeton, N.C. Father anxious for news.

2114. John Wm. Walker and wife. Pattern maker. Number in Father's Golden League, 11902, was re-admitted Feb. 26th, 1917, at age 18. Last known address, Vancouver B.C. Wife had three children: Robert, age 10, and two others. Last heard from at Princeton, N.C. Sister anxious to locate.

2113. George Holden, age 53, height 6 ft. 2 in., light hair, grey eyes, ruddy complexion. Wife heard from was farming on his own estate. Native of Warrington, England. Sister anxious to be in touch with him.

2112. Martin Wilson, (Jack), age 37, height 5 ft. 10 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, American, mechanic, missing from 1915. Wife in Canada. Sister anxious to locate.

2111. Arthur Clark, age 20, medium height, fair complexion. When last heard from he was working on railway in Ontario.

2081—William Jardine, age 32, height 6 ft. 6 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, native of Dundee, Scotland, and was engaged in military life, also served in 10th postal authorities as mail police, the latter position in Scotland. Father, who has not heard from son since 1915, anxious to locate. (See photo)

2080—Frederick Chan, Butler, age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, last heard from at Melita, Man. Brother anxious concerning his whereabouts.

2079—Christina Dwyer, age 47, height 5 ft. 4 in., light brown hair, grey eyes, light complexion, farmer, native of Limerick, Ireland. Sister anxious to be in touch with him. Please communicate with this office.

2078—Frank Frederick Winter, Corporal No. 1, age 36, height 5 ft. 6 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, native of Melita, Man. Last Canadian Army. Wife anxiously enquires.

THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

A Fresh Air Camp Story

By W. R. P.

"HEY, you, Jimmy!" The young man in question started guiltily. He was but a poor ill-clad, ill-fed urchin and his investigation of the battered garbage can, the property of the De Smythes of the big house down the lane, abruptly ceased.

What was it now, he pondered, poking a grimy and somewhat slimy finger up alongside his chin as if to hasten the consumption of a partly devoured portion of a very much over-ripe banana. His mother had given him a good licking for interfering with other folks' garbage cans on only a day or so previous.

This might possibly be the fore-runner of another. He looked furtively this way and that along the dusty lane as if seeking some way of escape and with a deep sigh gulped at the banana. He then turned and looked from the fence corner trying to look as unconcerned as was possible.

Our little friend was not to blame so much after all. What with the father being more often out of work than in and meeting with an accident which resulted in his being taken to hospital a few weeks ago, and his mother trying to support the family by scrubbing office floors, Jimmy did not get as much to satisfy a boy's appetite as he should. And then, the De Smythes' domestic thrives away all sorts of good things to eat. What was wrong with a fellow helping himself when he felt like it anyway?

"Jimmy! you hurry up—dye here?" "Aw-alright, mom, I'm comin'." With the last bit of banana safely stowed away out of sight Jimmy shuffled along on his bare feet until he came up to the back door-step on which his parent excitedly pounced.

The lad's intuition at once told him that his mother's excitement and hurra call was not entirely due to his depredations and his depressed spirits began to rise.

"What's th' matter, Mom, I've come home?" His parent waved a card in the air. "Now, Th' Army's again! I send us away to the Beach again—like they did last year! What ye think o' that?"

James gave one screech, flung a tattered cap in the air and then, with a few several hand springs in rapid succession. He landed on his feet and for the very joy of being danced a jig.

"Whoroo! Eats, swimmin', games, hikes an' ev'rythin' Mom, I can't just believe it to be true. Really, I can't!"

And he gave vent to mother yell. But it was true all the same and the Army Captain who had left the card and was just coming through the front gate, suppressed a smile.

2080—James Young Campbell, age 21, height 5 ft. 6 in., Scotch, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Scotland. Father anxiously enquires.

2118—David Johnstone, age 55, height 5 ft. 8 in., wears a very heavy mustache. When last heard from he was in Calgary, about two years ago. Absent of this date. Brother anxious to communicate with this office.

2093—Clara Freda Towle, Daughter of Lodie and Amy Towle, age 20 and 25. Last known address was Strawberry Hill, New Westminster, B.C. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this girl, her mother, kindly communicate with this office.

2106—Mrs. Lieutenant N. H. Clarke (nee Sofia O. Erick), age 41, last heard from at Fort Albert, B.C. Brother-in-law enquiring on behalf of aged parents.

1946—Harry Davies, age 53, height 5 ft. 5 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, occupation, telegraph or printer. Last known address, Wattleburg, Canada. Father anxiously enquires.

2092—Thomas George Hepper, age 49, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, very dark eyes. Born near Paisley, Ont. Last heard from in England. Sister enquires.

2047—Isaac A. Hutchinson, last heard of in Vancouver when he returned there after the War. He lived at Prince Rupert before going to Alaska. 47 years of age. Sister anxious to hear from him.

2041—Philip William Phillips (Svenski), age 31, height 5 ft. 8 in., black hair, dark brown eyes, dark complexion, native of St. Boniface, Winnipeg, Canada. Sister anxiously enquires.

2110—Isak Gottfrid Isakson, from Rimto, Finland, age 60, tall, blue eyes, medium dark, worked in gold mine, left hometown 1891, last heard from in Toronto, Canada, Nevada, U.S.A. Sister anxious for news.

2001—Philip or Patrick McBride, Height 6 ft., same complexion, gold mine, always carried two gold lined match boxes which bore his home address, 51 Blackstone St., Woonsocket Rhode Island. Last heard from in local.

MAKE ROOM!

An automobile load of people overtook a lone passenger, and the driver stopped to take him in. Looking about, he quickly saw that the car was already filled to overflowing, so naturally he mentioned the matter to the one who had so kindly offered him a lift. Said the driver: "I've always room for one more." The man, who was already laughing said, "Make room!"

How good that sounded to the man who was being helped. And how good it would seem in all the affairs of life, both great and small, if we would put into practice the maxim, "Make room." Remember the woman who cried for healing would have been pushed aside by the disciples, but Jesus gave her a place. The man at the pool was pushed aside and forgotten by the crowd, but Jesus said: "Make room." There was room for the woman who craved help for her daughter; room for the woman taken in sin; room for the prodigal. Would we not all be the better by enlarging our hospitality in many spheres of life and in saying "Make room?"

HONORED OR DISHONORED

On the day that David Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, the streets of London were lined with thousands seeking to pay respect to the memory of the pioneer missionary. In the crowd was noticed a poor, old man, unkempt, poorly clad, weeping bitterly. Some one went up and asked him why he was weeping when all were seeking to honor the illustrious dead. "I'll tell you why," the sad old man replied, "David (Livingstone) and I were born in the same village, brought up in the day school and Sunday-school, worked together at the same loom." But, David went that way, and I went this way, and he is honored by the nation, and I am neglected, unknown, and dishonored. I have nothing to look forward to but a drunkard's grave."

2105—James Young Campbell, age 21, height 5 ft. 6 in., Scotch, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Scotland. Father anxiously enquires.

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COMING EVENTS

THE SALVATION CHARIOTS

The Salvation Chariots will visit the under-mentioned places:

Alberta Chariot—Captain R. Bamsey, Friday, July 13—Dorcas, Sask. 14—Viking, Sask. 15—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 16—Jarvis, Tues. July 17—Tahara, Ont. 18—Dorcas, July 18—Viking, July 19—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 20—Chauran, Sask. 21—Prosser, Sask. 22—Dorcas, July 23—Viking, July 24—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 25—Saskatchewan Chariot—Capt O'Donnell, July 13—Lang, Sask. 14—Yellowknife, N.W.T. 15—Dorcas, July 16—Viking, July 17—Tahara, July 18—Dorcas, July 19—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 20—Chauran, July 21—Prosser, July 22—Dorcas, July 23—Viking, July 24—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 25—Saskatchewan Chariot—Capt O'Donnell, July 13—Lang, Sask. 14—Yellowknife, N.W.T. 15—Dorcas, July 16—Viking, July 17—Tahara, July 18—Dorcas, July 19—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 20—Chauran, July 21—Prosser, July 22—Dorcas, July 23—Viking, July 24—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 25—Saskatchewan Chariot—Capt O'Donnell, July 13—Lang, Sask. 14—Yellowknife, N.W.T. 15—Dorcas, July 16—Viking, July 17—Tahara, July 18—Dorcas, July 19—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 20—Chauran, July 21—Prosser, July 22—Dorcas, July 23—Viking, July 24—Phillips and Kamela, Mont. 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SONGS FOR THE COUNTRYSIDE

1
A Ruler once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of Salvation and light;
The Master made answer in words true and plain:
"Ye must be born again!"

Chorus
Ye must be born again!
Ye must be born again!
I verily, verily say unto you—
"Ye must be born again!"
Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord;
And let not this message to you be in vain:
"Ye must be born again!"

O ye who would enter that glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of the
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
Ye must be born again!

2
When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride,
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were I present far too small;
To demand my soul, my life, my all.

3
When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
And time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright
And fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on
The other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!

On that bright and cloudless morning, when
The dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share,
When His chosen ones shall gather to their
home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!

Let us labour for the Master from the dawn
Till setting sun;
Let us tell all of His wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of His love is over, and our work on
earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be
there.

4
Rock of Ages, cleave for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no further know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone,
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to world no more,
See Thee on Thy Judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleave for me,
I will hide myself in Thee.

5
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not any be left behind,
For God hath hidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye weary wanderers lost in stress;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

1
Just one day nearer home,
The shadows of the night descend;
Just one day less to roam,
The evening twilight colors blend;
Beneath the starry dome,
I rest beside my Guide and Friend,
With each day's tramping,
Nightly coming,
One day nearer home.

2
Tune: "Coming This Way"
Coming again, ye sinner again;
Coming in glory and power to record—
Beautiful work He has left on record—
Jesus my Saviour is coming again.

3
Tune: "Since Jesus came into my heart"
I never mean to doubt Him any more;
I never mean to doubt Him any more;
For my Friend He will be
Ever and in eternity,
I never mean to doubt Him any more.

6
Tell me the old, old story
Of unclean things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love,
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon:
The early dew of morning
Has passed away from noon.

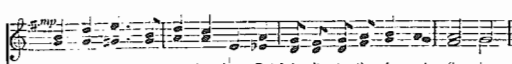
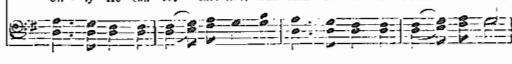
Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave,
Remember! I'm the sinner,
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comfort to me.

"Bring it to the Sinner's Saviour"

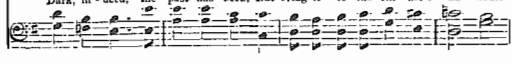
Copyright—The Salvation Army



On - ly He can set thee free, Who waits to be a Friend to thee:



Dark, in - deed, the past has been, But bring it to the sin - ner's Sa - viour.



"While the Years roll on"

Copyright—The Salvation Army



While the years roll on, If our sins are gone, And we walk with God in the nar - row road, Tho' e -



ter - al - ly, Ev - er pure and free, We'll be hap - py as the years roll on.



CHORUSES

4
Tune: "Forever and not for a day"
I love Him, I love Him,
My Saviour and Friend;
He gives me His pardoning favour;
Whatever my need on Him I depend—
Indeed He's a wonderful Saviour.

5
"The birds upon the tree-top
Sing their song,
The angels swell the chorus
While the shades of night are falling,
The flowers in the garden
Blend their hue,
So why shouldn't you shouldn't you,
Praise Him too?"

6
Tune: "For He Lifted Me"
Lay your burden down, lay your burden down,
At the Saviour's feet lay your burden down;
Bring your load of care,
You may leave it there,
At the Saviour's feet lay your burden down.

7
Tune: "The print of the nails in His Hand"
While the shades of night are falling,
There's a voice that is sounding soft and
clear:
"Tis the Lord, your Saviour calling,
Bring to Me all your sin and all your fear."

7
What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we hear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Comberbed with guilt of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Do Thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

8
"Whoever Heareth!" shout, shout, the
sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world
Spread the joyful news wherever men are found:
"Whoever will may come!"

Chorus:
"Whoever will!" "Whoever will!"
Send the blessed tidings over val - leys,
Tis the loving Father calls the
home:
"Whoever will may come!"

Whoever cometh need not delay,
Nor the door is open, enter while it is day;
Jesus is the true, the only Living One:
"Whoever will may come!"

"Whoever will," the promise is so true:
"Whoever will," for ever shall we
"Whoever will," the ages be glory for me,
"Whoever will may come!"

9
When all my labours and trials are over,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me,
Chorus:
Oh, that will be glory for me,
When by His grace
I find glory on His face,
That will be glory, glory for me.

When by the gift of His infinite grace,
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there, and to look on the Lord,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago;
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

10
Sinner Jesus will receive:
Send this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall!

Chorus:
Sing it o'er and o'er again,
Christ receive the sinful men:
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receive sinful men.

Come, and He will give you rest:
Trust Him! For His word is plain:
He will take the sinfullest:
Christ receive the sinful men.

Christ receive sinful men,
Over me with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heaven with Him I enter in.

11
Abide with me! Fast falls the evening;
The darkness descend, Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power:
Who like Theysell my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where grave's thy
Victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

Held Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

12
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thee servant's eyes:
When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently keep,
Be my last thoughts—How sweet Thy face
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when I am sad,
For without Thee I dare not stand.

13
Tune: "If Irish Eyes were
Blue"
He lifted it from me,
He found me full of sorrow,
He changed my darkness to day,
He found me in the darkness,
He made the night to day,
Do you wonder that I love,
And call Him Friend of mine?

14
Tune: "Trust and Obey"
Walking with God,
On the heavenly road,
It is glory on glory,
When we're walking with Him.

15
Tune: "Sussess by the Lord"
And then we'll win Him Lord,
And then we'll crown Him Lord,
When the nations meet
At the Saviour's feet,
We'll crown Him Lord of all.